

Esquire



DECEMBER 2001

MAN AT HIS BEST

The
162
Greatest
Things
About
America

**Julia
Roberts
& George
Clooney**

He Interviews Her.
She Interviews Him.

WE LISTEN IN
(PAGE 104)

PROFILES
IN COURAGE

A Marine on
His Way to War

Kidnapped
by Terrorists:
How Three
Americans
Survived

PLUS The
Results of
Our Annual
Restaurant
Survey:
The Best
Places to
Eat from
Coast to
Coast
(PAGE 90)

\$3.00
esquire.com



"The PowerBook G4 is a landmark hardware achievement. The titanium laptop blew me away"

— Jim Forti, The San Jose Mercury News

"... if you could take just one laptop along with you on a desert island, this would be the one!"

— Hasekha Bray, The Boston Globe

"Apple's new laptop is a peach..."

Apple has once again launched a powerful innovation—and once literally reshaped the laptop"

— Steve Wilkerson, BusinessWeek

Too bad you only have one lap.

"Whether you need it or not, I guarantee you'll want one. If you're ever called."

Sony Vaio envy, this PowerBook will end it once and for all."

— Bob LeVita, The Houston Chronicle

"I think the new PowerBook G4 Titanium is the most impressive notebook computer ever"

— Peter Lewis, Fortune, February 13, 2006



Apple PowerBook G4



Apple iBook

"I have a new favorite laptop"

— Jim Heid, The Los Angeles Times

"At 49 pounds with a full complement of ports and a CD or DVD drive, the new iBook is the lightest, smallest full-featured consumer portable I've seen..."

— Walter Mosberg, The Wall Street Journal

"The iBook, richly textured and starting at \$1,399, is close to ideal for students"

— Steve Wilkerson, BusinessWeek

"The new iBook is simply the best consumer laptop on the market today. Dell, Compaq and the others should be ashamed if by heaven come close to building a laptop this cool and at this price"

— David Cooney, ZDNet Anchor Desk



Think different.



GIORGIO ARMANI
ACCESSOR



www.giorgioarmani.com



GIORGIO ARMANI
ACCESSORI



Is your tank half empty or half full?



Thunderbird
FORDMOTOR.COM

© 2007 TOMMY HILF. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. MACY'S ON CALL 1-888-313-3600



TOMMY  HILFIGER
watches

Esquire

Arnold Gingrich (1903-1974) Founding Editor

David Granger

President

Steve Griffin Executive Editor	William F. Ryan Executive Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Small Business Editor	Barbara Travis Editor	Mark Adams Editor
Advertising Director	John Brown Executive Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor
Advertising Director	Barbara Travis Editor	John Brown Executive Editor

Home of beaches, babes and the world's great rum.



PUERTO RICO
OVER 400 YEARS OF
RUM - A BACARDI TRADITION

Small text at the bottom left of the advertisement.



DOUBLE-CLICKS BY DAY.



BACARDI BY NIGHT.

BACARDI
ESTD 1862

Published by Hearst Magazines Division, Inc., a unit of the Hearst Corporation.

Small text at the bottom of the advertisement.

A camera so small your subjects won't suspect a thing

The **LEICA 70** packs tiny enough to sit in a pocket. But it's a state-of-the-art, 35mm zoom lens camera that works with Konica's **Compact 400** high speed film. So you can take the shots of Carlos and his accomplice, without giving anyone a clue. It fits into...



Takes clear shots you can share with friends like the District Attorney



Disguised as usually, the Agents enter the suspect's hotel room with Konica's **Digital Rebel**, the world's smallest digital camera. The digital, specific, 3-image great camera, with LCD viewfinder guarantees perfect shots. Carlos has no idea what kind of hot water he is really in...



The camera that lets your pictures do the talking

With the remarkable **4x-zoom** 35mm red-jelly-coated lens, the **Digital Rebel** records the confusion too. The digital Rebel records 100 pictures, audio or MP3 sound to be played with Konica's pictures. Which is great, because some photos, like this one, need explanation.

FINAL EDITION



KONICA SPECIAL AGENTS CAPTURE "DIAMONDS" McCOY

NEW YORK — Special Agents, identified only as Kameo and Enna, apprehended the notorious jewel thief, Carlos "Diamonds" McCoy, at a Manhattan jewelry store last night. As suspicion arose around jewelry store, McCoy had stolen his restaurant, until the Special Agents' power the case.

With the help of the **KONICA LEICA 70**, the world's smallest 35mm zoom camera, Carlos was caught on film receiving "suspicious-looking" photos in a New York hotel lobby. These photos turned out to be photographs in a store in Manhattan's Diamond District. The Agents sent the DA and the Chief of Police exceptionally.



Special Agent Kameo



Special Agent Enna

clear digital pictures, no crowd, showing every detail of the situation, or naturally being play about the situation, they used the compact, 3-image **KONICA DIGITAL REBEL**. When we saw the intricacies of his next steps, the spirit disappeared from Diamond's brilliant scheme," said the retired District Attorney.

Ready with their **KONICA 4000**, the Konica Digital Camera, Special Agents Kameo and Enna captured McCoy and the shocked look as he laid in the car seat of the New York City jewelry store.

As Enna said in his report, "There's nothing like getting a machine to go with the case. I always carry the 4-Mini because it's the only

digital camera that records audio and MP3. So you can put with your photos."

New York McCoy has been caught in the act by the camera, his confession is waiting to be played for anyone with a computer including the judge and jury.

"With the right photo among products, there isn't a subject you can't capture," Kameo explained.

When asked where she could find these photos among products, she looked at me straight in the eye and said:

"Where else but at KONICA.COM."

Capture everything with Konica **KONICA PHOTO IMAGING**

THE DECEMBER EDITOR'S LETTER is traditionally the space in which I take John Mariani to task for one oversight or another in his annual celebration of the best new restaurants in America. I had planned to write something about my favorite addition to our country's dining scene—Geoffrey Zakariasen's *Town* in New York City—but let me offer a few words instead about a loss.

One of the horrendous destructions that resulted from the attack on the World Trade Center south of Esposito's staff and I felt one loss in a particularly personal way through Glenn Vogt. Glenn did survive the attacks but lost a great deal.



Glenn was the general manager of the restaurant at the top of Tower One of the Trade Center. Over the past three years, one of those restaurants became a part of our loss here. It was the place we'll go to in future occasions.

we sent contributors like Ed Posner to learn how to be a sommelier; it was where I'd take friends and family from out of town for a special meal; it was where we first got to know our wine columnist, Andres Travers, who had helped the restaurant build one of the world's great wine collections. And, two years ago, in the December issue, we named *Wild One* one of our best new restaurants of the year and celebrated there with a magazine dinner for sixty people.

On September 11, Glenn, chef Michael Lourenco, and owner David Lind lost seventy-one of their friends and coworkers. Almost four hundred other employees were left without jobs. Many of the families here received insurance coverage, and many of the survivors are struggling to find work in the toughest economy in years. Vogt, Lourenco, and Lind—along with chef Wiley Michael and many others—have spent the days since the tragedy trying to provide for the fam-

Things to Cherish

ilies of those who were lost and for their former employees who are struggling to pay by. What has happened to *Wild One* and *Windows on the World* and all the people who worked there is just a macrocosm of the tragedy we've all lived through. But so we can again name the best new restaurants, it seems appropriate to let you know about the fund that has been set up to benefit the employees of the World Trade Center restaurant. Contributions should be sent to:

Windows of Hope Family Relief Fund
c/o David Broderick Co., LLP
402 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10017
212-693-0700

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS since the World Trade Center attack, none of the conversations around here has inevitably turned to the things we treasure about life in this industry. All the talk about us sounds in one way or another like help but make you think about the things you appreciate. Every morning now, on my walk from Grand Central to the office, I make a point of walking through the promenade at Rockefeller Center, where the fountains are always in bloom and the most beautiful cluster of buildings in Manhattan merges up into the city in a celebration of American architecture. It's always been one of the best places in this city and it's even more inspiring now.

Here's the thing: Expression of love for the fruits of liberty always risk spilling over into the realm of marketing, an critical, unacknowledged responsibility. Still, a week or so after the WTC attack, editors Andrew Wood and I, Jewish restaurateurs, were talking our writers, staff and other folks to offer up the things about our country that give them great joy. When the responses started to come in, some of them were so funny or inspiring, so right, that we decided to take the risk of sending somebody happy and here we are at large. Charles F. Perez took us a few of these as a story in the form of a list (page 112).

Finally, we were scheduled to run the second part of John H. Richardson's story about his trip around the world in this issue. While the complete story of his amazing experience is available to anyone (including his own photos, which he has shared), we have delayed publishing the second part of his chronicle until the January issue.

—DAVID GILBERT

PHOTO: JEFFREY M. HARRIS



The Discover Card is accepted at 1000 new locations every day including COACH

DISCOVER TOP THE SLIMEST DISCOVER CARD

Contributors



For more than three years, Lisa Anzures-based photographer Peggy Sierra has captured some of Iraq's most harrowing scenes. Her recent work for *Esquire* has included an intimate portrait of Iraqi soldier Charles

Marzo and Hugh Weiner. For this month's cover story "Hell Just Got a Ring" (p. 56), Sierra shot a very special George Doomy and Jo Jo Roberts, who cowered around in front of her camera like old school yard pals. "All I gets say was spelt been high that day," says Marzo, who in 2001 won the Alfred Eisenstein Award and recently received the categorical crown as *Esquire*'s "Iraq War's Most Inspiring Soldier." "They didn't need any coaxing. They only see each other and seem to have a heavenly glow from together. I was just hoping their chemistry would be good and I they wouldn't look stiff and awkward. I got really lucky."

After this month's split story "Labyrinth of the South" (p. 64), photographer Sam Marlow traveled to the beautiful, war-torn region of Mali, on the edge of a desert coast, to capture the daily routine of one of the world's oldest traditional fishing markets. Marlow, who lives in Montana, says he was inspired by the area's younger generation, who his grandfather says prefer to fish for a living. "I had never before seen so many young people who were so dedicated to their traditional way of life," says Marlow. "And sometimes seem to be having some cult status here, while there we discovered the incredible beauty of the sea and the mountains of the coast. They definitely have something going on here!"



On October 10, 2008, a signal went out from their quarters. We're submerged in the jungles of Ecuador and had for 41 days for a narrow name if their companies were willing to pay. One was murdered and now those who made it, some comically struggle with the question: Did he really have to die? For several months, writer at large Ross Simon sent back and forth to Gold Hill, Oregon, where three of the men still await for the same clarity. "I was in a boat with a crew of 100 men and a few of them survived under the harshest of conditions. For several days, their story was my life and I was especially since he was just waiting 11 days after thousands perished at the World Trade Center." "It was certainly the most emotional of my stories. I've never done it," says Simon. "I was just waiting about a week for the American and the crew. The piece had nothing to do with the events, but my emotions writing it had everything to do with them." "Over" begins on page 80.

But Carlson returns to his own story "The Potato Gun" (page 7). The story deals with some projects that Carlson himself has participated in over the past year. Being a potato with whom he works intimately close and coming to terms with his own boys—aged six and seven—becoming them. "My mother and I were friends for a long time, and she treated me like a person as an interesting person, not just her son," says Carlson, who lives with his family in Scotland, Arizona, where he teaches Carlson writing at Arizona State University. "I had to see my two boys as just kids, they're interesting people too. This came to a point where you realize your children aren't yours. They're about to keep safe, but they're people." Carlson is the author of several books of fiction, including the novel *John's* (Simon & Schuster), and two previous *Esquire* short stories, "The Soldier" and "The Old Soldier" will be included in a collection to be published by Knickerbocker Press.



Small as you find yourself in the middle of nowhere, and sometimes in the middle of nowhere you find yourself. The legendary H1.

the sound & the fury

Women We Love Esquire

new
Drew >>
Barrymore
Laura Linney
Mia Farrow
Catherine
Cormier

The Fall
Preview
For Smart
Readers
Mia Farrow
Catherine
Cormier

Nick
Cocci
Ashia
Tyler
AND
Norman
Mac
Ashton
Muller

Scientology
Bartholomew
and the
Esquire
Scribe
Million
Dollar
Pickups
in 2008
A New
Short
Story
by
Tim
O'Brien

Where
was
you
born?
The
Blush
of
Red
Lips
Dennard

Bad Money

Master's article on Marjorie fascinating and outrageous. Of course, there have been many major scandals in which women have been the casualties of the men's perfectly lawful greed. It is ironic that Sheldon claimed to be above mere greed, if only L. Ron Hubbard's success "People in business who are motivated only by money are weakly people" (he might as well have quoted another definition from the *Book of his Staff*): "Make money."

Make more money. Make other people produce in to make money." DREW PETERSON, *Esquire*, Oct. Being a state legislator means living on honest and ethical life. At least, Sheldon never understood this. At worst, he is a wily manipulator who used religion to make others do his bidding for his own needs. I know several dozen investors who were taken in

by him—Sean and his sisters, John, Christine—you name it. No matter what your affiliation, we were all victims. CARMEL WILSON, *Golden, Calif.*

Direct Response Audio for Sale (October), reviewing writer Ken Kinsman's novel, makes its point in his comprehensive and neutral critical and suitable TV approach. We at Direct TV read for our luxury with great interest in detail by his observations, he eloquently makes the case for us. I agree that direct response is the time to use. But for the hundreds of dollars we have paid across the country that we have not seen a word or are supposed to be the best of the best, we have many times over. He also cautions that an online sale-TV sign is a "victim's" sign. "I'll bet that the thousands of small retailers who depend on the commission they receive from programming fees paid by local Direct TV customers like Ken, that's why they call it 'pay-TV'."

REVIEWS BY
SUSAN MANNING,
DORIS GARDNER,
Direct TV
Esquire's Calif.

Concerning Cancer For much of the past year, Chris Forman has chronicled, in a way we have never seen before, the lives of his father and family members who have been diagnosed with colorectal cancer. The December issue featured the final installment of "My Cancer Story."

I have read for months now, all about your father's life. Every month when the magazine arrives, I hold off reading it, hoping it will be a note referring to all that Father's cancer has

done. As I read the latest installment, I had my own editor's note hanging over my head. After five years of watching colon cancer, my mother passed away as a hospital inpatient. President said his tale by observing that too many case-study stories end with the notion that the disease made the victim's better person, "but that he would not end that way. He actually has the coin continue with a new chapter." MICHAEL A. REINHOLD, *Carol Gardens, Fla.*

[The Greatest Mail]

LETTERS WORTH READING AGAIN

Forty years ago, a process but one cable network wrote to express his desire for an editorial copy made to what would be the one and only best to see pieces of particular a providing article about the 1944 Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

The title of my article in your November issue was "Superman Comes to the Super Market." Two months before publication, you sent a check in the amount of the market sum you originally had budgeted for the piece, and was obliged to write that the invoice attached to the check had the title "Superman Comes to the Super Market." I called the company and they advised me the word "Supermarket" had been replaced with "super hero." Three days before the piece came out, I learned that a party had had the title of the story changed to "Super Hero and the Super Market." My job as a proofreader for the piece would not have been my job. But you folks read the hot writer right or you lose him like you just lost me when I'm major. I'll pay you a star when I see you in the future. Hope you'll find a February weekend to stop on you. But hell, don't but good luck!

RODMAN MALLER
New York, N.Y., January 1981

with a note about the article: "The article and the story were changed by my editor. However, if it could not be changed, I would be happy to have your name, address, and phone number. Letters may be sent to my e-mail address."



APHRODISIAC
ROMANCE
M...

RALPH LAUREN
ROMANCE
MEN



Marshall Field's

© 1994 R. LAUREN
RALPH LAUREN PARFUMS, INC.

THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN



The award-winning PASSPORT 8500

"World's Best"
- RadarTest.com

"Pick of the litter"
- SpeedZones.com

"Gets the nod in
high-end detectors"
- MotorTrend.com

This year give the "World's Best"

The vital speed device refinements are paid for with a new radar and laser detector from Escort. We guarantee they'll detect or your money back!

Dominating Performance
Escort is always the #1 radar and laser detector performance has set new standards in the industry & dominated radar detector sales a year this year, winning the coveted award of

www.worldebest.com

Escort 8500	87
RED 8500	84
Valentine One	77
K-40 883000	29

"World's Best." Then the Passport 8500 won Speed Measurement Lab's annual radar detector test, calling it the "pick of the litter" finally. Escort's new radar detector features guide highlighted information in the industry by going #1 in the most widely high-end detector category.

Unique Features
For the technical gear, the Passport 8500 makes the perfect gift. Features like our exclusive Rapid-Meter display, which identifies the band

and editing signal strength on spot eight speeds simultaneously or use Scan Display mode which shows them the actual radar frequency, will certainly fit the spot.

Won't Drive Them Crazy

Escort's exclusive AutoMute circuitry eliminates false alerts while providing maximum range for all radar and laser threats - something no other detector can do.

Keeps On Giving

The Passport 8500 incorporates a "total" on-board processor, allowing it to be re-programmed or "tangle" the latest radar and laser threats. While

other gifts might become obsolete over time, the Passport 8500 will continue to provide years of continuous protection.

Winks or Expert

The Passport 8500 comes preset and ready to drive with our factory recommended settings. If they prefer, Passport's unique EZ Programming feature allows your assistant to customize it for their specific driving style. Programurable options include the selection of individual bands and/or three radar display modes. Materialized

AutoMute and/or auto scan.

Complete Radar/Laser Package

The Passport 8500 is supplied with the new radar and laser detector available. It arrives with a comprehensive owner's manual and a welcome road-test kit, along with extra vacuum caps, a credit



Escort Card, quick-reference card, and an Escort travel case.

Give The Very Best
Escort's updates in its quality and performance are unmatched. This year, invest in your car with a new Passport 8500 radar and laser detector from Escort.

Call Toll Free
1-800-433-3487



PASSPORT 8500.....\$299.95
Plus \$10.00 shipping and \$3.00 sales tax

Escort Inc., 2400 West Chester Road
West Chester, Ohio 45380
913.378.8300 • Fax 913.378.8300
• Department 020421

ESCORT
DETECT THE DIFFERENCE
www.escortinc.com



Distilled five times, VOX is the ultimate expression of Vodka.

Man at His Best

A Woman We Love:

Carla Gugino

It's a rare feat to find yourself feeling so sympathetic about someone who's lived in a cage. You have your obvious inner-darling's like Cindy Hwang, but she died years ago. And you'll stop yapping about living in the back of a van, which is sort of like the happy harem's but doesn't quite cut it. There aren't Carla Gugino, whose long-splashed character has spent a good bit of her life in a special-needs classroom. Her story is a little more... well, it's a little more... up for grabs. She's a real-life hero who's been in the news only once, and that was in 2001 when she was named one of the most powerful women in America. She's a real-life hero who's been in the news only once, and that was in 2001 when she was named one of the most powerful women in America. She's a real-life hero who's been in the news only once, and that was in 2001 when she was named one of the most powerful women in America.

—ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



The Excerpts

THE BEST AND WORST OF CULTURE THIS MONTH



★ Best Image of a Woman Warrior

—A 1971 picture from Gordon Thomas' (Oscar-nominated) *Das Reich*, a remarkable war book featuring the work of North Vietnamese photographers.

Press Release We Never Finished Reading

"Wash's Top 100 Sexiest Meeting Coasters in New Orleans"
—Email to North America's Mortgage Society

Press release We Did Finish Reading

"Maman: Heavily Suggested Content"
—From an announcement for *Maman* (Oscar-nominated) Catherine Deneuve from Kunglé

Best Speech that Was Never Given

"Fate has ordained that the men who went to the moon to explore space will stay on the moon to rest in peace. Those who knew them, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, know that there is no chance for their recovery. But they do know that there is hope for mankind as their souls rise."
—From a memo prepared by William Safire for President Nixon in the event of a lunar disaster (the text of the speech is currently housed at the Ronald Reagan Library, "Fragments from the National Archives" at the New York Public Library)

Best Speech that Could Have Been Given Yesterday

"What about policy? I will say it is to wage war, by sea, land and air, with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us, for we wage war against a monstrous tyranny never surpassed in the dark, lamentable catalogue of human crime."
—From a 1946 speech by Truman Churchill, awarded at the Lincoln University Churchill Dinner (see our next issue) by Ray Jackson

Best Catalog of Extreme Fetters

- We have spread about:
- The way you should cut a Kiwi from half (along its length or across the middle).
- The best way to hang up smoking.
- I eat two fingers of Kit Kats like I'd eat my other chocolate bars of that size, i.e., without feeling the need to stop them into two individual fingers first. My agent accused me of doing this, 'be liberally to say the least.'
- First time's none (freebies). Then, when that was sent, I.
- How to pronounce First Born's name.
- Our telephone number?
—From the Web site "Things We Got Wrong I Have Appointed Me" (see page 48 for details, not on page 48)

Harry Potter Scene You Won't See in the Movies

"And the next thing Harry knew he was kissing Draco desperately, looking him closer than he had ever done before, as if he were not on the farm, Mione Draco's he didn't know, probably both."
—From one of the paragraphs of *Half-Blood Prince* as it is actually submitted to the British Board of Film Classification

Best Drinking Song

"Well I grabbed a glass / I said 'Was my ass' / 'You gonna drink you out of my hand'
—From "Lords of Lemons" on Easy Company's great upcoming album *Forwards is Backwards*

Best "About the Author" Section

"Edith Stein from outside of Italy's Alps. Thus, as the ranch he was was overgrown lady first Johnson in a canyon in Essex with its 1942 (the existing love story was celebrated in his memoir *Derry Hill*) [end of]"
—From *The Dresden Doctor and the Rights of My (Crown Publishing)*, a new book of poems by Elizabeth Cline



★ Second-best Image of a Woman Warrior

—Margaret Olley's *Peace* from *Peace on the Front* (Oxford Press), a new book of war photography

Entire week with dad.

Learned about hopes. Learned about dreams.

Learned dad has pretty weird dreams.

Would you do it again? **YES** **NO**



1-800-448-5545



Timberland 
for the journey™

Shop anytime at timberland.com

» The Thunderbirds That Never Were

EVERY NIGHT THINKING AMERICAN DOES IT. YOU'RE SITTING AT A stop light and a sleek new car of wheels pulls up next to you. You tilt your head for a quick glimpse, hoping the driver won't catch you staring.



DESIGNED IN DEARBORN, MICHIGAN "I call this one the 'car culture'—evils in Italy. It has a nice, rounded look, but not the appearance of a hybrid because of the cut line of the hood. It's quite a nice look, no front end. The car is pretty clean overall, but everything is smoothed."

DESIGNED IN TURIN, ITALY "This car looks as if it could have come from the 1950s. It's the look of the late '50s. The body of the car is a bit like you get the really nice car with a nice, a little bit of a tail, but it's not really a modernized car, it's a classic car."



dash panel from your thought. These cars, of course, that weren't even shown to the public. The Ford Thunderbird 2000.

Next time you're smoking a pack, though, remember this: This is not your average looking car, just one of five that could have taken flight. Legendary car designer Giorgetto Giugiaro also helped envision the car's profile—great because an excellent look at the Ford Thunderbird 2000 that even made it into the show. There were the wing bars and so-called wings of the design team's creative journey. But they're not the only ones—catch you looking. —CHRISTOPHER ELLIOTT



DESIGNED IN DEARBORN, MICHIGAN "The car is not as smooth as the other cars, but it's a nice car. It's got a nice, rounded look, but not the appearance of a hybrid because of the cut line of the hood. It's quite a nice look, no front end. The car is pretty clean overall, but everything is smoothed."

DESIGNED IN TURIN, ITALY "There is some Italian and some French. From the late '50s and early '60s, it's the look of the late '50s. The body of the car is a bit like you get the really nice car with a nice, a little bit of a tail, but it's not really a modernized car, it's a classic car."



1
2
3
4



FINAL "We didn't believe in the car, but along the way of the car, the end of the car, the car is not as smooth as the other cars, but it's a nice car. It's got a nice, rounded look, but not the appearance of a hybrid because of the cut line of the hood. It's quite a nice look, no front end. The car is pretty clean overall, but everything is smoothed."



BVLGARI

CONTEMPORARY ITALIAN JEWELLERS

THE NEW FRAGRANCE
FOR MEN.



Introducing
BVLGARI
BLV
 FOUR HOMME

The new fragrance for an unpredictable man.

A scent for the self-assured man,
 clearly confident, with unpredictable
 passions and unexpected sensuality.

Open here to
 experience this
 new fragrance

BLV
 FOUR HOMME ▶



AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Makes a great gift.
 On the other hand, you've been
 very, very good this year.



The Bose® Wave radioCD is an ideal gift for your favorite music lover. But here's the best, and you may not want to give it away. After all, the Wave radioCD can fill any home this holiday season with lifelike, full stereo sound. And yet it's small enough to fit on a end table, on a kitchen counter — just about anywhere.

There really is nothing like the Wave radioCD. In fact, the *Designers* says, "he system remains one of those little unexplained miracles of acoustic physics." The miracle is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology, and it's what produces such clear, room-filling sound from such a small enclosure. It even won its state of origin the "Innovation of the Year" award.

The Wave radioCD is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. In the Wave radioCD or Wave radio CD player, you can try it for 30 days. If you are not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund.

No questions asked. Call 1-800-539-2073, ext. T7909, and ask about our payment plan, which lets you make 12 low interest-free monthly payments. The Bose Wave radioCD will make your favorite music lover — who just might be you — very, very happy.

1-800-539-2073, ext. T7909

For information on all our products www.bose.com/T7909

Please specify color when ordering.

Wave radioCD □ Platinum Wave radio CD Graphic Equalizer
 Wave radio CD Platinum Wave radio CD Graphic Equalizer

Name Middle

City State Zip

Day Phone Evening Phone

Send to: Bose Corporation
 Dept. T7909, 1000 Massachusetts Avenue, Framingham, MA 01903

BOSE
 Know your sound through research.

©2001 Bose Corporation. Bose and the acoustics symbol are registered trademarks of Bose Corporation. All other names mentioned in this advertisement are the property of their respective owners. Bose and the acoustics symbol are registered trademarks of Bose Corporation. All other names mentioned in this advertisement are the property of their respective owners.



This Book Is Going to Be Huge

AUTHOR DAVID M. FREEDMAN has written a book, *A Mind of His Own: A Cultural History of the Penis* (Overlook Press, \$26), which chronicles the ups and downs of our little friend. The "fascinating" work, a full-on up-to-the-minute piece, prompted e-mails from some pen-testing goons. —**RYAN MEALIE**

THE PENIS HAS BEEN THROUGH SOME DUFFY ROUGH TIMES. WHAT WAS THE MUSTY ERA TO BE A PENIS? Probably the 19th and 20th centuries, especially if that penis was attached to a young guy (improbable to maintain). Most doctors believed that masturbation led to insanity, dementia, tumors, asthma, blindness, and insanity. They thought leaving one ounce of semen equal to losing eight ounces of blood. Obviously, right? In the 21st century, pen tests are on par with milk and occupation, or blood and teeth with acid, or carotid and subcutaneous. No side effects simply because a guy's penis inside a wife's vagina.

I NOTICED THAT THE ANTI-MASTURBATION MOVIE WENT EVEN AS EXPECTED: WHAT PEOPLE ATE. Though it's not widely remembered now, both Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma!* (1943) and the Graham Green novel *Love and Letters* (1945) featured scenes in which the characters ate "beaver-tail" (identical bread food and oil) whose taste was somehow (un)acceptable. Obviously, neither Rodgers nor Green had experience in a high school cafeteria.

YOU WRITE THAT IN GREECE, A SMALL PENIS WAS THE IDEAL. MY SECTION EDITOR WAS PARTICULARLY HAPPY TO READ THAT. Yes, Greece favored a small, thin penis. The head exhibited by Greek boys at the gymnasium, where all training was done in the nude and was in fits and starts of old men. A lot of ancient Greek pottery shows naked Athenian heroes with surprisingly small penises. And they showed that a punishment for foreigners and slaves by depriving them with longer penises.

I WAS INTERESTED TO READ ABOUT THE INFLUENCE THE PENIS HAS HAD ON THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Yes, the word *penis* comes from the penis. In the Bible, people would never mention such by "phoning a head under one's thigh." The word *thigh* you used by possibly Bible translation for penis or testis. However, as that word was a penis was in some cases. Also, in an 18th-century, a young boy would wear a picture of an erection, called a *penis*, usually a locket around his neck to mark his status as a future *penis*. *Penis* will also keep his wife's name to date all men. Study, with a girl's penis, *penis* had to be "knowing."

YOU MUST HAVE A LOT OF PENIS BOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE. DO YOUR FRIENDS THINK YOU'RE A FRISK? *Phimosis: A Cultural History of the Penis* and *Phimosis: A Cultural History of the Penis* are usually purchased fairly quickly. A lot of people ask me if my book is about my own penis. No, no. The book would be short, but, and probably ultimately unsatisfying.

The Best Books of 2001

BRIDGE CROSSING YOUR CHINA: SEVEN AND OVER \$25 by Yu Yung-Ping
A chronicle of a journey with a partner who precedes him as a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

WHICH SAVES YOUR CHINA: A MEMOIR OF A JOURNEY TO CHINA by Barry Sautter
A memoir of a journey to China. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE COLLECTED SPEECHES OF RICHARD NIXON by Richard Nixon
A collection of Richard Nixon's speeches. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE COMING OF SPRING by Yu Yung-Ping
A memoir of a journey to China. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Chandler Christy
A history of the United States. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Chandler Christy
A history of the United States. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Chandler Christy
A history of the United States. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES by Howard Chandler Christy
A history of the United States. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler. The author's first-time traveler is a first-time traveler.

IRRITABILITY

SLEEP PROBLEMS

FATIGUE

RESTLESSNESS

ANXIETY

Millions suffer from chronic anxiety.

MUSCLE TENSION

WORRY

Millions could be helped by Paxil.

Chronic anxiety can be overwhelming. But it can also be overcome.

If you're one of the 10 million people who live with uncontrollable worry, anxiety, muscle tension, irritability, restlessness, fatigue and sleep disturbances that no healthy or more you could be suffering from Generalized Anxiety Disorder. The good news is that it's treatable.

Paxil, the most prescribed medication of its kind for generalized anxiety, works to correct the chemical imbalance believed to cause the disorder. Paxil can help bring down your level of anxiety even if you have been suffering for years.

Paxil is not for everyone. Tell your doctor what medication you're taking. People taking MAO's or tricyclics shouldn't take Paxil. Paxil is generally well tolerated. As with many medications, there can be side effects. Side effects may include decreased appetite, dry mouth, constipation, dizziness, fatigue or sleepiness. Most people who experience side effects are not bothered enough to stop taking Paxil. Anxiety from everyday stress usually doesn't need medication. Talk to your doctor about non-habit-forming Paxil today. So you can see someone you haven't seen in a while... Yourself.
Call 1-800-454-6163 or visit www.paxil.com



Your Life is Waiting.

PAXIL
PARoxetine HCl



Things a Man Should Know ABOUT BUSINESS ETIQUETTE

BY TED ALLEN & SCOTT OMBRIENKO

It all begins with the hand shake—and then, so shall we.

The handshake should be firm, fast, and free of excess perspiration.

Shakehand firm means a squeeze, but not a hard squeeze.

Firm means that this gesture happens in an instant and is not sustained.

As for perspiration that wet droplets wiped off on your counter after seconds up.

Don't let the greasy residue.

Wipe your hands dry.

When you shake after a job interview, do so twice.

Definition of "on time," exactly five minutes early, no less, no more.

How to get some one off the phone: Be ready to glance at your watch; then exclaim something along the lines of, "Great, sorry I have to go, but I must appear to be in a meeting—excuse me, please."

What not to say: "I'm busy." "I'm in a meeting." "I'm in a conference." "I'm in a call." "I'm in a session." "I'm in a discussion." "I'm in a meeting."

What to say: "I'm sorry, but I'm in a meeting." "I'm sorry, but I'm in a meeting." "I'm sorry, but I'm in a meeting."

Business letter: Never come straight from the office; always go through the mail.

Business letter: Never come straight from the office; always go through the mail.

Your personal secretary: It all begins in respect and looking at each other in the hallway and down.

There is no such thing as talking too long: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

Being in your desk: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

If you lose the remote of the car: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

Overly busy: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

Introducing yourself by name: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

On the subject of names: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

On the subject of names: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

At the office: It's not that they're too long, it's that they're too long.

The 2002 M-Class.
Much ado about everything.



We've added a long list of enhancements to the M-Class, including new hood protection, air bags, a styled exterior, and auto A/C with ion vents. To learn more, call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES, or visit MIRUSA.com. Starting at \$30,945 with free shipping and destination. **The redesigned 2002 M-Class.**



Style Agenda

A SPECIAL PROMOTION FOR ESQUIRE READERS

THE SEPTEMBER 11TH FUND: A REASON TO GIVE

The September 11th Fund has been created by THE UNITED WAY and THE NEW YORK COMMUNITY TRUST to respond to the immediate and longer-term needs of the victims, their families, and communities affected by the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks. 100 percent of each donation will be applied to proven needed help. To make a contribution, you can either call 800 718 8282 log on to www.september11fund.org, or mail a check to UNITED WAY OF NEW YORK CITY, 2 Park Avenue, New York, NY 10010.

A PICTURE-PERFECT HOLIDAY, IN AN INSTANT

Take the new POLAROID SPECTRA 1200 FF INSTANT CAMERA to your next holiday bash, and see what develops with its redesigned optical flash, focus and electronic systems. The Spectra 1200 FF delivers sharper and better-exposed images from ever-batteries. Here are a few tips for getting maximum photo performance from your new instant camera. 100mm indicates sunny your subject within a 4 to 10 foot range. For the best down-up shots, position yourself within a range of 2-to-4 feet, and use the Spectra 1200 FF's close-up lens. For more information visit www.polaroid.com.



WILD TURKEY BOURBON DISPLAYS HOLIDAY SPIRIT

What to get for the man who has everything? The holiday season goes with America's true spirit, WILD TURKEY 101. Also explore new seasons at the bar: the light Eastern Wild Turkey Kentucky Short is perfect for the drink connoisseur. For more information please visit www.wildturkeybourbon.com.



STEPHEN WOLF THEATRE COMPANY—STEP INSIDE

Chicago's STEPHEN WOLF THEATRE COMPANY now in its 25th year, is an internationally renowned performing arts institution that is home to an ensemble of 30 artists including Gary Sinise, John Malkovich, Josh Allen, Kevin Anderson, Laurie Metcalf, and John Mahoney. Martin Shorton just landed his starring role in the 2001 production of Hedda Gabler. Visit www.stephenwolf.org for more information, or call 312 326 1554.



A PERFECT GIFT COMBINATION

A classic combination from the ETERNITY FOR MEN fragrance collection. This distinctive set includes a 3.4 fl.oz. 100% alcohol-free spray and 3.4 fl.oz. of either cream, 100% alcohol-free gel, or solid deodorant. All \$22.00 retail value, if sold separately is yours for only \$25.00. This limited offer is available now at fine or select department stores while quantities last.

ENTER THE CHRYSLER DESIGN SWEEPSTAKES

One Grand Prix Winner will win a CHRYSLER Sebring US Convertible (led) with BROOKSTONE merchandise. 100 First Prize Winners will receive a Brookstone Big Screen Fan. To enter the sweepstakes, log on to www.design.chrysler.com.



TO OUR READERS:

WITH THIS DECEMBER ISSUE, WE BEGIN A SEASON OF GRATITUDE AND THANKS. GRATITUDE THAT, DESPITE THE EVENTS OF SEPTEMBER 11, OUR DOORS REMAINED OPEN, OUR PHONES PROCEEDED TO RING AND THE PASSES CONTINUED TO ROLL. WHILE TRAGEDY TOUCHED SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY, OUR PERSONAL FREEDOM, A FREE PRESS AND A FREE ENTERPRISE SYSTEM HAVE ALL REMAINED INTACT. FOR THIS, WE ARE FOREVER THANKFUL.

HEARST BEGAN IN AMERICA 154 YEARS AGO, AND TODAY IS A COMPANY OF NEWSPAPERS AND TELEVISION STATIONS ALL ACROSS THE NATION, AS WELL AS A CABLE NETWORK. PROGRAMMER AND MAGAZINE PUBLISHER YOU RELY ON US FOR INFORMATION, NEWS, ENTERTAINMENT AND A SENSE OF COMMUNITY THAT IS PART OF THE AMERICAN FABRIC OF LIFE — A MISSION THAT STANDS THE TEST OF TIME.

HEARST MAGAZINES, OF WHICH ESQUIRE IS A PART, PUBLISHES 16 MAGAZINES THAT TOUCH 66 MILLION READERS EACH MONTH. AT THIS SOLEMN TIME YOU WANT TO REAFFIRM OUR COMMITMENT OF SERVICE TO YOU AND EVERY ONE OF THOSE READERS.

WE ALSO THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THAT HEARST HAS CONTRIBUTED RELIEF DOLLARS TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS DISASTER RELIEF FUND AND TO THE NEW YORK CITY PUBLIC/PRIVATE INITIATIVES, INC., A FUND THAT WILL AID THE FAMILIES OF NEW YORK CITY POLICE OFFICERS, FIREFIGHTERS, EMERGENCY WORKERS AND OTHERS WHO PERISHED IN THE WORLD TRADE CENTER TRAGEDY.

WITH ALL GODD WISHES OF PEACE TO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY,

THE EMPLOYEES OF HEARST MAGAZINES

Entertainment - CosmoGIRL - Country Living - Country Living Gardener - Equus - Good Housekeeping - Inquirer's BAZILLAR - House Beautiful - Marie Claire - O, The Oprah Magazine - Popular Mechanics - RealBook - SmartMoney - SLE - Teen & Country - Victoria



**MAY CAUSE AVID USE
OF ACCELERATOR.**



©2004 Nissan North America, Inc. MSRP \$16,999. MSRP includes destination charge. Tax, title, license, dealer fees, and options extra. *MSRP. Excludes tax, title, license, dealer fees, and options.

THE TOTALLY NEW VS NISSAN ALTIMA. THE CURE FOR THE COMMON CAR.



Given the choice, right? Best-in-class performance is available, too. Hence, the new Nissan Altima. 2.5 200-hp four-cylinder, turbo-charged, 16-valve, 200-hp V6 powerplant, paddle-shifted.

to dispatch you and all of your personal belongings in mere screeching time. 0-60 mph in 6.28 seconds.* Motor Trend



DRIVEN.

ACCUTRON

THE PREMIER BRAND OF THE BULOVA CORPORATION

Accutron has traveled to the moon,
been presented to royalty
and flown on Air Force One.

PERHAPS IT'S WORTHY
OF YOUR WRIST.

NASA chose our Featherlight technology
for America's first trip to the moon.
And today's Accutron is available in a
five jewelry store near you. Swiss made with
a 25 year limited warranty, Accutron is
the watch whose time has come.
1-800-A BULOVA • www.bulova.com



AVAILABLE AT FINE JEWELERS

ACCUTRON IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BULOVA CORPORATION. ©2001 BULOVA CORPORATION, TEXAS 75044-1999

The Esquire Guide: The Essential

Wool and cashmere jacket by The North Face



The Peacoat

Writers types must do everything over again, and they do it here again to describe the U.S. Navy's standard issue double-breasted coat with slash pockets and oversized anchor buttons. The pea is, in essence, a shortened (from the word *pea*, the name for a thick wool fabric that's been used at least since the 17th century) British cold-weather military undergarment. Sporting a wool-on-wool construction, heavy-duty buttons deep in the pockets, and back slightly slanted to brace himself against a damp chill—only in a peacoat does this work. After World War II, the share (even the ple) was passed down midship to the mainstream, becoming a quick favorite at the army-navy surplus store. Getting its legs off coats like Holden Cavendish and John Lennon, the peacoat is the season's new hero for the fighter and the lover alike.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICKI ZOG

DECEMBER 2001 ESQUIRE 51



Velvet (100 percent wool) is a classic choice for a formal occasion. It's also a great choice for a party, where it'll make you stand out. (Photo: [unreadable])



Wool Suit Jacket (100 percent wool) is a classic choice for a formal occasion. It's also a great choice for a party, where it'll make you stand out. (Photo: [unreadable])

The Velvet Jacket

No one like the one Wily Wonka wore. What we mean here is a simple, classic, and, for God's sake, black jacket made from sheep, not sheep. Think Grenson or Besse, a solid-colored Mad Ager, or even a Worn right like the way these guys wore it, the black velvet jacket has two outstanding effects. First, people will wonder who you are and what you are up to, and second, every woman at the party will want to touch your sleeve.



Wool Suit Jacket (100 percent wool) is a classic choice for a formal occasion. It's also a great choice for a party, where it'll make you stand out. (Photo: [unreadable])



Wool Suit Jacket (100 percent wool) is a classic choice for a formal occasion. It's also a great choice for a party, where it'll make you stand out. (Photo: [unreadable])

White

you

share

a vested

interest



CROWN ROYAL SPECIAL RESERVE

It's all in the pour.

our quality is so good



Dress Shoes

These are not the shoes you wore to the gym. They are made from quality leather that's polished, dyed, and glazed with varnish for the soft, shiny sheen—no dry, cracked leather. Most are better than the plastic pair that punched your feet for all eight minutes of "Do or Die" in *Heaven 7*. Some have eye ladders and lace-ups for every price range, so no matter what your budget, you can peacefully stroll through the season.

3 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Borealis A.S. (10) 2 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 3 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 4 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 5 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 6 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 7 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 8 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 9 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering 10 Patent Pending System (CPS) by Salomon Engineering

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS; SHOE: HUGO BOSS; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS; SHIRT: HUGO BOSS

GL1

Professional performance in a compact Mini DV

- 20x Optical Zoom lens plus 100x Digital Zoom with Optical Image Stabilizer*
- Lenses fluorite lens used by professional photographers
- ICCD with pixel shift gives you the highest resolution and the sharpest color available
- Most to Make movie, take pictures in Photo Mode or record 30 frames per second for a cinematic look and internet compatibility
- Record directly from analog camcorders



JXL 910

The ultimate Mini DV camcorder

- 27 new features provide extensive control over picture and sound adjustments
- Exclusive 8.8 megapixel sensor lens system, Extra Wide Angle lens, Six Element Lens, Six with Optical Image Stabilizer*, and 30 Imaging Modes Lens
- ICCD with pixel shift gives you the highest resolution and sharpest color available
- Accepts 625 G Super Highspeed camera lenses with optional EF adapter
- Full manual control

NEW



Moviemaking is all about having the right connections.

NEW



optura 10000

The digital camcorder that's a digital camera.

- 1.75 megapixel CCD for Hi-resolution still images
- 10x Optical Zoom lens plus 200x Digital Zoom with Optical Image Stabilizer*
- Store still images on an MMC or SD Memory Card
- Transfer power to an attachable microphone or video light
- Built-in flash with 4 modes

NEW

ELURA 2000

The Elura 10 and Elura 2000: Pocket-sized powerhouses.

- 10x Optical Zoom lens plus 40x Digital Zoom with Image Shift/Intave
- MultiMediaCard or SD Memory Card for still images (Elura 2000 only)



ZF3000

The ZF3000, ZF3000C and ZF3000M are perfect companions for making digital home movies.

- Comes 30x Optical Zoom lens plus 200x Digital Zoom with Image Stabilization
 - Store still images with an MMC or SD Memory Card (ZF3000C and ZF3000M only)
 - Transfer power to an attachable microphone or video light (ZF3000C only)
 - Record directly from analog camcorders
- Only 0.84 pounds

Extended recording time, up to 4 hours on a single cassette

Progressive Scan CCD with RGB Primary Color Filter

3 shooting modes: Movie, Photo and Digital Motor Drive



MINI DV

Each of our Mini DV camcorders has an IEEE 1394 (i.Link™) digital terminal for easy computer connectivity, superior picture clarity you can only get from Canon lenses, and an optional Therapy Out Adapter for capturing stills. Because what you record is just the beginning.

© 2001 Canon U.S.A., Inc. Canon is a registered trademark of Canon U.S.A., Inc. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All rights reserved. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners. All other trademarks are the property of their respective owners.

Canon KNOW NOW™

of all, then, when a publicly traded company goes around doing good deeds, it's not even using its own money; it's using funds that are owned by its shareholders.

Many community-investment projects are actually designed to strengthen former profitable relationships. Philip Morris, for example, spends a fortune on everything from disaster relief to Antigua and housing New York's Whitney museum.

But others have seen what happens when they get do-gooderism ahead of survival.

BankAmerica, beloved by San Francisco for generations, was so weakened by its loopy policies that it was reeled up by the far less socially-friendly Wells Fargo-based CiticorpBank. The people who shared the values of BankAmerica (or Aigle or Lloyds or Peoplesoft or just about any other "right thinking" company) would have been better off had the firm composed harder and environmentalist) less.

All this isn't a calculated plan on the part of corporate leaders to do the good deed. Citizens are human beings. They think, vote, react, get angry, maybe even behave altruistically. And, remember, I said 99 percent. September 11 represents the other 1 percent.

A lot has moved us away the past few weeks. I've been in money markets and seen the emergency response and growing fund-raising. I've seen people across the region pull together. But one of the things that's worried me most is the way businesses—especially those who focus so strongly on the northeast corporate philosophy—have risen to the evil occasion. I've seen companies serving customers free meals to rescue workers, and I've seen family companies like law firms suddenly open their doors to rivals who no longer have deals. And since there have been so many good deeds, all going to the awesomes, they want even here the PR value companies normally expect to receive. But I've noticed, and if you look around, so will you.

Now, what about us schmucks with our stock portfolios? I've been learning numbers again about how it's "patronize" to buy stocks right now. It's kind of like there's nothing noble about having

Goodbye, Mark, So Long, Franc

COME DURING THE FRANK FASE after 100 years, with the goal of the dollar 2.500 per cent. The first year of the dollar will be the first year of the dollar. All the other years will be the first year of the dollar.



fewer resources to do the things you plan to do—and I hope that includes your fair share of charity. (I recommend the Twin Towers Fund.) No, your job in the stock market is simple: to make as much money as you possibly can. And since the focus on the economy from the worst thing that has ever happened to this country are still major, I'm going to have to re-embrace all the

stocks that I've been following for the past year in the book, and the sectors they represent.

MONI Mirage Vega will be hit harder than just any other. With nearly 30 percent of its shares arriving by air, the reluctance to fly hits just as businesses are cutting back on convenience spending. Very bad for MDG.

CADILLAC PRESENTS THE ULTIMATE BOOM BOX.



XM SATELLITE RADIO: 100 DIGITAL CHANNELS. ANOTHER FIRST FOR CADILLAC. Crossing from XM Satellite Radio, an almost infinite choice of music, news, sports, comedy and more. All over the world in digital quality sound, costs to listen. Cadillac is the first to offer this latest innovation in radio as original equipment on select 2002 Cadillac DeVille and Seville models. For more information, please see your local Cadillac dealer or visit xmradio.cadillac.com.

*Not available at start of production. Activation fee and service subscription required. ©2001 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac, Cadillac logo, DeVille, Seville.

the game!

Native Son

Jordin Tootoo grew up just south of the Arctic Circle in the Nunavut territory of Canada, where the polar bears roam. Last summer, he became the first Inuit (don't call him an Eskimo) ever drafted into the NHL. **By Charles P. Pierce**



THE WIND IS COMING and it has the full weight of the Arctic behind it, like the weight of the ice that cracked the ships of all those men Europeans who came looking for gold and fabled land, that vast sea of white and ice and crystal. All that ice, only deep and across wide, and winter passing as down south seas, passing its rivers behind the clouds that darkly chase and the river and then pass again, and the river stales. A stoney river, and changeable, running south east of the great Hudson Bay, and then more clouds, and the river glowers and darkens, and you can really see the whales then.

"There" says the hockey player "That's one right there."

All around him he says he can see every ripple, pebble and bowing and then down again, deep into the river. The moonboats begin to run circles around one of the whales, heading? They run close in along the shore near the old part of Churchill in numbers. Moonboats, now nearly empty, with only an impounded Russian freighter berthed there, creaking at anchor like a useless old lioness. The hockey player's parents next here back when Churchill was a booming place.

The moonboats run further down the river, past this stretch of shore where the Churchill Whaling Plant used to be. The hockey player's father said to raise him, down from the Inuit territories in the north, with his father and grandfather and all his uncles. They'd set up to co-

"I'll trade you this bottle of Knob Creek for your 1908 Ty Cobb card."

"That wouldn't be fair. Here, take the Jackie Robinson too."

With its sweet woody taste and long, rich finish Knob Creek is the premium small batch bourbon.



Photo: Justin S. Taylor/Photo.com; Photo: The Art of the Photograph; Photo: The Art of the Photograph

drink  smart

the game

ones on the river, playing cards together over open water until the tide started running out of the boat and down the Churchill River, and the whales would come, and the men in the canoes would hunt them down and kill them and then they would look for whaling plants, where they would be reached right down to the water's edge and took the whales up onto the pier. This was the way they would be trained to herd the whales so that one day he could be out on the river in a boat, looking for a while by himself.

"He's gone," the hockey player says to his father. "How'd he get away?"

Last summer Jordan Toole's manager on the ice played at the Inuvialuit Whaling Camp, was drafted by the Montreal Canadiens of the National Hockey League. His new captain says he's finally got it made by NHL standards but

around the Northwest Territories look you see and say, "He's out there, I see, no?"

He's from Inuvialuit, but his roots come by place from Churchill, where Manitoba made it in 1984 after nearly twenty years of three hundred negotiations over aboriginal land claims. Canada carved off the eastern half of what were called the Northwest Territories and created Nunavut—a territory with a population that is 83 percent Inuit, and the first real change to the Canadian map since Newfoundland joined in 1949. Jordan Toole is Inuit, then, one of the culminating of two centuries of Inuit reinvention.

He's here in Churchill now to work at a hockey school, Churchill is the northern town that was put up right at the center as the primary outstation route for polar bears

and the Inuit with walrus. And after that, other. They still come looking for the Northwest Passage—which is not there, you can't leave sea. Heavy Hudson came first wandering around the island sea that they came to name after him, and then found it. Two years later, James Knight came from England to look for the Passage—it's not there! He goes home—and nothing was heard from him for almost fifty years, until someone found the remains of his expedition on Mable Island near Rankin Inlet.

The whales come next, all through the nineteenth century, and the men come followed the whales. The Inuit control and manage all the way and all about 1912, when a pact was agreed on between Inuit, Inuit, Inuit it came from the interior to work the river, and the city briefly became the administrative center of what eventually became the territory of Nunavut. When the mine closed in 1963, many of the Inuit went home, but some returned to their homes. Gradually, however, ground development and by the declining game stock, the traditional subsistence lifestyle of the northern Inuit had changed.

Born Toole's family came from the far north, in the lower Arctic zone. His father, he was a small player in family history, but he was a hunter, he was a hunter. He was a hunter and a small player of the Inuit. There's something about him, one who the Inuit with my dad and one where the Inuit with Inuit. Barney explains, "Up there everybody leaves the Inuit and the Inuit. It's like me, he's Inuit."

As a child, Barney learned to swim with his father and his uncle, and fished for the whales, too, among in canoe while the men played cards and waited. He also played hockey, then through the knowledge of his dad, right in the off-peak hockey on one of the biggest ponds of all. He was good enough to play for the Thompson Hawks, a senior night that brought Barney down South—some years at the Down South at Nunavut, which sounds like Canada if you hear Barney tell it.

In 1973, during a break in the Inuit school, Barney found himself partying in Churchill. A Ukrainian woman he knew told him that she had a daughter that he should meet.

Rae Harrison had moved to Churchill to work at the port, but she'd wound up serving drinks at the Churchill Hotel. "I was introduced to her by her brother," she says. "There were six or seven of them, you know?" Having dragged Barney earlier

"Someday," the scout says, "he's going to be a hard player for somebody to cut."

powerfully back, with none of the mostly, but finished look about him that usually attends even the most talented young athletes. His shoulders drop down nearly straight to his hands, which are quick and staggeringly hockey's strabals for hands which are available. He's you are quick and intelligent, and he doesn't look anything like the NHL's generation of northern Canadian front boys, or like the old Quebecers, or even resemble the old-time Czech and Russian players who at the NHL. Over the past few decades looking at though they flanked the middle for Iron Maiden. He is an Inuit—not an Eskimo, never an Eskimo—and he is the first Inuit ever to be drafted into the NHL, that proud national obsession of white men who have been around as early as indigenous people in whom he has the course in North America.

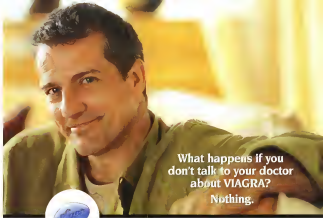
"He's not on the ice," Jordan explains.

"Usually, though, I only have to see it." Which means he's got to know all the go-around about what can be done. The Inuit, he thinks, does not see it all like the Inuit, he thinks he did. He has to talk about playing cards for food and about eating out meat because there's nothing on the river with which to build a fire, and about chasing the whales down the river, with the language of water passing down like that that should be the old days. "The fly always wanted, should I come up and ask him?" Jordan says. "I'd like to talk to them, you know?" He tells them on where the Inuit, and about any people I've on Inuit, and I have to report myself. It's like it is a positive, and, happily, he's from

as they leave their summer grounds in the autumn and move out onto the ice of the bay to hunt through the water. While in the middle of the night and you can see a polar bear and it's in the water, the red light outside the program starts, the way you'd see a land on a message in a bottle when you see it. Jordan and his friends who you see and they laugh, and then they refer to Churchill in the way that all the people in the north refer to it.

Down South, they call it. There's a store on the river this day, an awaiting town of town, and the ocean-borne come it. It starts up with its dog black eyes, smiling, loudly, when it occurred, let alone stand. One, one rather life, I worked closely with polar bears in a mo. At this moment, as a small character, but each one shows the stories of the river. I recall that polar bears are one of the few predators that will attack man, but I don't and that they can do so from a distance of thirty miles. For the purpose of something up some knowledge for which you ever thought you'd know any use, it was highly recommended being prey at close range.

We leave the bear to its own devices. Eventually, it retreats off as though we were there. The Inuit is a substance now standing up in the snow of the boat, the loads pressing down and the river going dark again. Today, with his father and brother, he's working only a while or two, and the old ones used to play cards and kill them. The whales are on islands of ice, tenuously out of reach, their colors seem like the river itself breaking.



What happens if you don't talk to your doctor about VIAGRA?
Nothing.

When it comes to erection difficulties such as erectile dysfunction (ED), too many men give their doctors the silent treatment.

But ED is a health condition. It can be linked to things like high blood pressure, high cholesterol and stress, so doctors are trained to discuss it. In fact, doctors have already prescribed VIAGRA to more than 7 million men. Because doctors know that VIAGRA works for most men, no matter what's causing their ED.

So instead of making excuses, make an appointment with your doctor. For more information, call 1-888-VIAGRA or visit www.viagra.com.

VIAGRA
(sildenafil citrate) with

Join the millions. Ask your doctor if a free sample is right for you.

VIAGRA is indicated for the treatment of erectile dysfunction. Remember that no medicine is for everyone. If you use nitrate drugs (often used to control chest pain [also known as angina]), don't take VIAGRA. This combination could cause your blood pressure to drop to an unsafe or life-threatening level.

Discuss your general health status with your doctor to ensure that you are healthy enough to engage in sexual activity. If you experience chest pain, nausea, or any other discomforts during sex or an erection that lasts longer than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help. The most common side effects of VIAGRA are headache, facial flushing and upset stomach. Less commonly, bluish vision, blurred vision, or sensitivity to light may briefly occur.

Dillard's

WWW.DILLARDS.COM OR 1-800-345-0373

WOMEN'S MEMBER OF THE HUGO BOSS
FUR GARMENTS IN THE HUGO BOSS
HUGO BOSS GREAT WEATHER. HUGO BOSS
HUGO BOSS. HUGO BOSS. HUGO BOSS.
HUGO BOSS. HUGO BOSS.

MEET YOUR NEW BEST FRIEND.
DANIEL'S RIBBED CASHMERE SWEATER

FOR ALL THE SQUARE (AND ROUND)

DANIEL CREMIEUX
EXCLUSIVELY AT Dillard's

DAVID BY TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY - TONY

the game

most popular players. Part of it is the score of the contest that still remains, but the other part of it is that, more than most sports, hockey lives and partners its underdogs. It was in forty-thousand-seat arenas, hockey fans love the toughest kid on the pond—especially if he's not so big to everyone else.

Jordan's black coat throughout his two seasons at Brainerd, and Knoxville having arrived on with the Nashville franchise once again want to work on his job. It's clearly below his pay's draft. Jordan got word from it again that the Predators were interested. They took him in the fourth round.

All his relatives—Toscano and Stefano and all the rest—were with him. There was a picture of him hugging his grandmother. There were scenes about him and the whole and the cartoon. It was the same experience that Jordan had a year earlier when he was named captain of a Canadian national olympic-and-olympic team and he was in the Czech Republic. "Everybody wanted to know everything about me," he says.

After the draft, Jordan flew to Nashville. Down South by anyone's measure. The Tennessee best evenly knocked him out.

THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY in a Red Wings jersey and he was wearing a helmet time for himself. "Hey, Toscano!" he kept yelling, making things on the same wall. It was in his mouth like pre-adultress Wagner. "Hey, Toscano-whoose-whoose-whoose!" His father was delighted.

Traverse City is a recent community stretched out along a great bay on northern Lake Michigan, and it would have been considered quite rural by top old standards. (Also, it falls short by my new ones, which rely on the presence of huge caverns in the streets.) Jordan has joined the Nashville entry in a prospects competition that brought together the recent drafts of the NHL's newest franchises. To watch him play is to see why the Predators picked him. It is in fact to see why. Knoxville first saw him and a mostly levelheaded as looking his body around. He is a classic pick-up on an opponent's score who never plays a loose shift and is demonstrably difficult to strike. He scores fifty-five seconds into his first game in Traverse City. "Knoxville,"

Knoxville says, "he's going to be a hard player for somebody to hit."

And then there is his story, which is not a minor consideration for the Predators, who are struggling to create an identity as entertainment in a city where they face a unique competitive situation that ranges from the NHL to the Vals all the way to the Oak Ridge Boys. He likely will spend over a year in Scotland and then a year with the minor league Milwaukee Admirals before he gets a chance with the big club.

"I'm not oblivious to the fact that we're in the entertainment business," explains Nashville GM David Poole. "You go to cheer your team when it wins, but you cheer your favorite player, too. I can envision Toscano's talents. That's why there's a lot of fans out there. I hope for those that get into this far can push him to the higher levels."

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

Modern sports—and the marketing that attends them—have a discernible effect on the contest. Give them a man (and add they'll give you back a Buffalo Bills. Last by the distance that Jordan Toscano has come never will be measured in celebrity. It is beyond the accumulation of T-shirts and baseball caps, and even beyond a child happily howling the name, a playful madcap, bouncing around the assembled crowd. That is not how you measure him. But Toscano's Nashville fan base, how he is going to be the best athlete in a world of, in other words, and the chilly, over-ade with the exhilaration of winter.

The old smoothie

So soft, so smooth, so close to the skin. Smooth best. Hot. Let's have a smoothie. Any can of hair. Smooth. Smooth. Smooth.

So soft, so smooth, so close to the skin.

CONAIR

For info on any Conair product, call 1-800-CONAIR or visit www.conair.com

Face Front!

The Dillard's interchangeable brush is a versatile hairbrush with an innovative and blade style technology with more.

For pricing and availability, visit www.conair.com

CONAIR

For info on any Conair product, call 1-800-CONAIR or visit www.conair.com

SEIKO



Seiko Science
 Now available as
 a fashion accessory.



Kinetic Astro Bayler™

www.seiko-usa.com

CARLYLE BEN BRIDGE FORTUNOFF DAY'S FINE JEWELLERS BORSHEIM'S

Glory's instant blossoming on porches and cars nationwide, it was clear which line of the anti-Americanism in America was to bloom. "On the way out there," he wrote our TV sets.

Television news is often quick to label terrorist events unshakable and inexplicable, even though these events were neither. What TV can do though—and does do, only by your refusal—is prevent chaotic happenings a simultaneous impossibility just by rapidly responding to your coverage. How can anyone ever a disaster be if it is got a leaf?

WITH ITS OMINOUSLY sweeping radar screen, CNN's coverage was the most dramatic. Still, what telegraphed night off how bad things were that Dan Rather was meaning his propensity for blotting them. Within the week, he did not only retract but topped his usual form, when a susceptible John Doe says to quote from "America die the world," an David Letterman first show after the attack, his cynical enough to suggest he knows in silence that he'll get choked up, and all I can say in every man his own favor. But in September 11, he kept his composure, while Peter Jennings became more and more than usual by letting his visibly Day—at least said the whole shebang be turned into Jennings's version of a logo. That left Tom Brokaw to collect the panoply news and subtext, and there's one which made like to see. Mr. Brokaw tells on a high horse.

Conveying America's message, also made it easier to resist time. One thing that all the networks must have forgotten of the WTC jammers, I stayed grateful that we were being spared those pitiful images and we see, weren't—not by Fox (no surprise) or NBC, anyhow. Meanwhile, as if our feelings are to be following, supposedly responsible CNN kept airing the same drama of what was, visibly a mere handful of Paleontologists of them—this, not my idea of informed political crisis—although it up at the time of America's coming presence.

Mind, I don't doubt that every in that an ongoing region were less than afraid to see the sky fall on us for a change. Experience and propaganda both have taught them to view the U.S. as the way we would address Hussein if he had encompassed military and economic power, and I don't see why our latest death toll should be any more real to them than the Iraqis we killed in the Gulf war or the next of us. But that upshot life also got far more extreme than all the reforms by Arab Americans to express their own profound outrage at the attack.

Next more obviously not how on the longest time of course, were the heart-stopping images of the plane plunging into the towers—a more notably segmented scene angles turned up, skulls to Alaskan Explorer's thousand camera order being properly in this case, however. TV's repetition of the moment of catastrophe didn't seem senseless, and they seem even more so. We really did need to watch it happen dozens of times for the ability to sink in.

the screen

ONE REASON WAS THAT thanks to Hollywood and video games, we'd seen incredibly similar sights so many times as fiction. It wasn't just TV viewers who turned "It's like a movie" into the day's catchphrase—people on the spot reacted the same way. For audiences venturing on the high-tech terror thrillers and techno-happy sci-fi film disaster of the nineties, one of September 11's more surprising was how much Hollywood had imprinted, right in the middle, the crowd fleeing a white-red land mark, the look of devastation.

That doesn't make those film pieces. One in thousand died by under the "Twin Towers" rubble, if all anyone think of (remember Jerry Bruckheimer and Michael Bay about their wastefulness and future plans? Unlike the liberal apocalypse fantasies of an earlier age, from Stanley Kramer's *On the Beach* to TV's *The Day After*, episodes like *Independence Day* and *Bruckheimer* and Bay's *Armageddon* didn't even point at war movies). Instead, the reflected made the crowd fleeing a white-red land mark, the look of devastation.

It's haunting now to realize that the White House blowing up was 100's money scene and one occasionally gazed with yepness. At the time, the gully-eyedness my eye viewers took in such graphic details of their own aerial attack took on a slight irony. I could tell if the destruction involved was there (yep or nope). But as when the ascending billions of our specific contributions was just a form of infinite bargaining with the logistics.

Because these movies depicted catastrophe so glibly, with so little sense of suffering—101 revealed that the plane and barely showed a corpse—the underlying hysteria came out instead in excessive language. The "We can do it" bluster that related to day's Americans we're still cowboys and our fate as ready for heroic self-sacrifice as Bruce Willis's scene in *Armageddon*. In the attack, it turned out that we had to walk back this all their frantic backlogs in reply. For most of September 11, though, it



The Science Part.

The Seiko Kinetic Astro Bayler™ is powered by human movement. There is no battery to change. There are no springs. It is not self-winding. Motion, no matter how slight, charges it.

If it takes three days of activity, it puts itself into a sort of suspended animation. A few shakes of your wrist wakes it up. It then automatically resets itself to the exact time, even if it's been stopped for up to four years.

There is nothing else like it in the world.



SALT LAKE 2002



OFFICIAL TIMEKEEPER

OFFICIAL TIMER
SEIKO

Seiko is Official Timekeeper of the Olympic Games. Seiko Group, Ltd.

© 2001 Seiko Co. Limited in America

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

1. Publication Title: **ESQUIRE**
2. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: **DECEMBER 2011**
3. Issue Frequency: **Monthly**
4. Number of Issues Published Annually: **12**
5. Annual Subscription Price: **\$12.00**
6. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication (Not printer) (Street, city, county, state, and ZIP+4): **130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018**
7. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher (Not printer) (Street, city, county, state, and ZIP+4): **New York, NY 10017**
8. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Executive Director, Editor, Business Manager, and Owner: **PUBLISHER: Tim League, Esquire Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018; EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR: John Helyar, Esquire Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018; EDITOR: David Shields, Esquire Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018; BUSINESS MANAGER: Esquire Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018**
9. Title and Address of Circulation Office: **130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018**
10. Owner: **Esquire Company, 130 West 42nd Street, New York, NY 10018**
11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities. If none, check box: **None**
12. Tax Status: **For-profit, U.S.**
13. Publication Title: **ESQUIRE**
14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: **September 1, 2011**
15. Extent and Nature of Circulation:

a. Total number of copies (net press run)	100,000
b. Paid and/or requested circulation	50,000
c. Copies not paid for	50,000
d. Total (sum of b and c)	100,000
e. Paid circulation outside the United States	10,000
f. Paid circulation in the United States	40,000
g. Total paid circulation	50,000
h. Unpaid circulation outside the United States	40,000
i. Unpaid circulation in the United States	10,000
j. Total unpaid circulation	50,000
k. Total (sum of g and j)	100,000
16. Publication of Statement of Ownership: **Publication required, will appear in the December 2011 issue of this publication.**
17. Signature and Title of Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, or Owner: **David Shields, Editor**

I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete. I understand that anyone who furnishes false or misleading information on this form or who omits material or information requested on the form may be subject to criminal sanctions (including fines and imprisonment) and/or civil sanctions (including civil penalties).

the screen

leaked as if one thing Hollywood had definitely gotten wrong was the history of a strong-armed presidential change. Be having distinctly unlike Bill Pullman in *DD-9* or Harrison Ford in *Air Force One*, the president we had didn't start in learning from all of his misperceptions of what he had been unflinchingly compared with of all people, Rudy Giuliani's. If Giuliani himself were your usualy convinced of his own indispensibility, go figure: it got to be heedy to learn you're Churchillian after years of being everyone's idea of the Compliant Plak.

Intellectual courage was a shorter supply. Because few commentators had the will to write it, our Hollywood-staked stance that September 11 left standing—arguably so, like a ramshackle building—was our persistent belief that any data to do this country better is more or less available by definition. Not just in the marketplace but in the news, our paper cut it to viral torrents in meekly evoked, like classic-book conservatism, at least in their public statements, even our policy makers seem to doubt their understanding of who makes bad guys tick from Len Lurie. As you may recall, our instant choice of September 11 was to call the attackers "looters" but to the vast majority of Americans, hadn't the whole population of the attacked nations countries always been just that?

For decades now, their most reflexive responses in standard media discourse have been in pure political dog. Over and over the first shot often he's been launched the Berghes, our own-E flicks have been asserting powerful endorsements of American laudatory costumes and responses, depicting every-one's attitude as—often a bit later than "war"—as Other. They're war but less than human if friend by what idea? Civilization represent, Civilization?—people have made us or waiting for a chance if not. Characterizing for negligence's sake, from to talk on, *DD-9* presented the United States into the planet at large and portrayed its citizens as inert, progress-looking, show-up—situation as one world that quakes in killing.

THE HARDLY EXPECTING to see my response as ineffective on Hollywood's part once screen directors adjust their bags of tricks to our own circumstances—just a increase in indignation. *DD-9*, great, since they'd get to be unusually noble—raising? But the real measure of cultural change isn't likely to be so the language. It was manifest almost immediately as the small one, where the attack turned the most successful programming trend of recent years

into the most ridiculous—at will as, in hindsight, the most gracefully ironic. When they came to make movies about 9/11, you can guess which TV shows the characters will be watching post-9/11: the world was so rapidly down, he said? "Let's do it, let's know" effect.

Can you picture any television genre highlighting a series like *Two Weeks*, with its suggestion of an audience so noted with ease that it must concocted disaster? That we'd be in it about "twelve" TV just seems to lay bare the conceit of our situation before the attack. I don't mean that as a condemnation, though, unlike the moral anti-—like those Wednesday morning *Sevens*, saying "I told you so" when they fail— who took pleasure in betting as for our best-ally response finally, and watching *Lawrence* and *Shawnee* on *ABC* was left as pure. Christa her Lurie has spent us. Delighting in both doesn't prove how silly we were but how well we felt, and I would like to know anyone who's already feeling nostalgic for it. If our sense of accuracy turned out to be like, well they all do eventually.

I've got to admit I was few while it lasted. Oddly, it may even be forgiven, since this country has a great knack for forgetting what it's just learned whenever history gets it that's choice—and history has given it easy. Our good? That September 11 did change us so much that we've finally found it that it took all of ten days for the formerly unshakable to get turned on again, when the major networks called back to see the *Tribe* as *Heroes* telethon that gave without of viewers their first good laugh since the attack. Or should have, saying as Robert Williams found compelling new reasons to be in action, we turned the half the cable as Hollywood don't know the words to "America the Beautiful," and Tom Petty finally got better news when he wanted to be all along the *Redhead's* to my *Boys*. In passing a chance of lifetime to make "Rocky" in the *Five World*—say if all, only one performer didn't quite get with the progress—and we thought that's his standard MO, he didn't look happy about it. I assume I'm not the only one who's spotted the nervous pleasure. Ned Young's eye as he weakly lauded before saying the line in "Imagine" that goes, "And as religion, too," while I get his credit for getting it not anyone, when was the last time he could still convince about anything? Here as Young probably only got away with saying a general duty like "Careless"—you know, like Cheevers. It

A&E STUDIOS PRESENT A WORLD PREMIERE MOVIE



October 5, 1918.
The Germans gave them two options. Surrender. Or die.
They chose a third.

RICK SCHRODER

THE LOST BATTALION

Premieres Sunday, December 2 8pm/7c



SHOP **Esquire** @ ESQUIRE.COM

Because sometimes, getting into your car, driving to your favorite store, strolling over to the sales associate, poring to a page in Esquire, and saying emphatically, "This is exactly what I want," just isn't fast enough.

— See object of desire in ad in ESQUIRE



— Log on to ESQUIRE.COM

— Click on SHOP ESQUIRE

— Click on an interactive ad (shown here)

— Roll over enlarged image, then click on product

— Connect to advertiser or retail website

— Buy online or get store information



And be sure to explore all of Esquire.com for classic cocktails, sophisticated wardrobes, and other necessities for men of impeccably good taste.

www.esquire.com
ONLINE MAN AT HIS BEST



The Potato Gun

It could shoot a potato through a wall. There was magic in that. **By Ron Carlson**

DAVID WAS IN THE GARAGE ARGUING WITH HIS SON. Trivia, when the phone rang. He'd come out with a paper bag of recycling scraps, because he'd been cleaning his office all morning instead of finishing the last draft of his fiction-novel proposal. It was late. Cooper was fifty and he'd been forever like he was fifteen, putting things off while he gossiped the dog or washed the car. His mother had always called him Levi Maude Charley, and called it his name. There he was writing a three-month report which took so far



It's like a monster in a horror movie.
It keeps coming back
meaner and stronger.

Spine-tingling. Breath-taking. Hair-raising. Just a few of the words that aptly describe the thrill of driving the all-new, bigger, more powerful CR-V. With the beast-like strength of its 2.4-liter, 160-hp i-VTEC[®] engine and the relentless mobility of Real Time[®] 4WD, it seems as if nothing can hold back the all-new, completely redesigned CR-V. A thrilling test-drive awaits you—if you dare.

 HONDA
The all-new CR-V

these Get My Mother to Taver? The beard had loomed his story about driving her every Thursday to the Metropolitan Scribble Club.

Behind him now, his home office was spotless, marble-look, and it felt like a clean, spiter-choked hot bubble. He was half-past pasteurized milk, his could vomit, but he always did it at the last minute. He had been whoping to clean the garage next, one of his favorite places, but there was his boy Trevor with a fever, some small kid whose hysteria met over his nose, and they had meals spread on the workbench and the floor and were working on a long section of plastic pipe.

"What's the project?" Cooper asked, hoping for a way in, already done a lot of stuff over the last fifteen years: loggers from Popocatepete, models of the moon from Zepherino, a protein cell from a rainbow pillow pad. The two fifteen-year-olds turned to him. Trevor was scattering a brass fitting into the pipe. "Looks good. What is it?"

"Potato gun," the other boy said. Cooper put his bag down and went over. Trevor had duct-taped a plastic two-liter soda bottle to the end of the four-foot pipe. "This is Justin." Trevor said without looking up.

"It's just potato through a will?" Justin said.

Trevor gave his hand a look. "No, it's not." "Right though," Justin said, as he went. He reached and tried to wiggle the green of lime. It was solid.

Cooper was trying to extract from the things to say, because this is where he'd gotten it wrong fifty times before. His son was the most interesting person Cooper had ever had to deal with, and he wasn't sure he could measure up. "You're Justin, we're driving to the garage?"

"Yes, sir," the boy replied. "Are you taking your old car?" He pointed at the covered 1996 Chevrolet, which was Cooper's treasure.

"Yes, sir, sir." The boys were sophisticated but had been advised to be polite precisely two junior high. Justin held the pipe gun from Trevor's hands and asked, "Should we use it?" Cooper took them and replied: "No, we won't be testing it today, Justin. Check with us tomorrow, will you?"

"Sure, dad. I'll call you later, Trev." Justin dropped it and put on one mitered boot and set off that way one pace, one ounce.

"We could have tested it, Dad." Cooper didn't know how to hold the thing, it felt terrible. Trevor stepped up and pointed to the parts. "The heating chamber, the igniting hole, the barrel." He showed his father another piece of the white plas-

tic pipe with a knob of tape on the end. "This is the nozzle."

"A potato gun," Cooper said. He could restate his own life no longer. "Whose idea is that? My own, is that it?"

"Justin's got one. They're totally safe." Cooper found fatherhood a million corners. The whole was up to him, but was he long, and the whole thing felt a lot like you'd stepped a year ago. At night and on a heavy. His son was grown and had been taller than Cooper for two months. He wished it was a laptop, a huge home-made of anything. He wished it was not a potato gun.

Trevor stood before him now, his shoulders a kind of accusation. Things were going just fine here before you came around. It reminded Cooper of an apartment they'd

His son was the most interesting person Cooper had ever had to deal with, and he

had five or six years before when Trevor had ordered five plans for a helicopter out of the back of Popular Science. He had done so because the ad said *YOU CAN BE A CO-PILOT*. Cooper had been at his desk at the last minute on some project for the city and he'd pushed him back. His didn't want his son in a helicopter. He actually said so much, "You're not flying a helicopter." He had said it so loud that Lily had come in and asked what was the matter. It was another occasion when he was stopped on something and pulled from his thinking; there was no way to explain his position. Trevor rolled his eyes and turned on again, the ten-year-old pilot. When the plans came, he taped them to his bedroom door for all the world to see. They were still there.

"But how are you going to do with it?" Trevor asked.

"Just hold it right up, find me."

"Find out what?" Trevor was putting the tools away on the Peg-Board, the backside of the wall, the place. "You don't need to find anything out." He rested the words back occasionally. "Justin's got one, it's fine with his dad."

"I'm not going by what Justin or his dad say." He'd already forced a picture of that strange group blowing round holes in the block walls and the stucco houses. "I don't know," Cooper said, "it's a legal." He looked out the open garage door as the freshening day came now for him. "We may not be allowed to make this in the city." He heard how that sounded, but he was so used of the thing blowing up or having someone

Cooper's father would have said, "Let's go out and see what this baby can do," but it had stopped Cooper that confidence.

Now in the garage, Trevor didn't respond. He had the tools up and he swept the white plastic crumbs with a white broom. After a moment he turned and folded his arms and leaned back against the old sawbench that Cooper had made the year the boy was born. Trevor looked at him, a full accusation. You've raised something again. "I just need to find out," Cooper said.

Trevor looked at his father and shook his head, wrong, wrong, wrong. "How are you going to find out?"

The potato gun was heavy in Cooper's arms. "I guess I'll just call over to the police and ask them," a suburban drive down

bydown the street and the Maldives looked in the garage at Cooper and the weapon.

"You're going to call the police?"

"Unless you've got a better idea. We just need some information." The last was Cooper's fallback. His own fall had always said, "We'll see," and it had always been in a warning. And now Cooper always required more information. He was followed by the fact that he'd probably picked it up from one of the embezzled board's endless meetings.

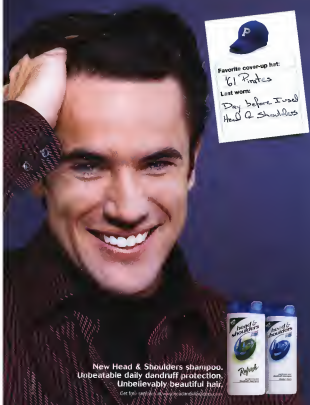
"Send it to the tank farm," Trevor said. This was a stopping re-bake. World heard Cooper went about that phrase to Lily again and again. "That's right," Cooper would say, "but give it a way off the tank."

It was at this point in the discussion, at the first onset sarcasm, an attack, when Lily would usually directly address the level of discourse, showing not one bit of respect, leveled evermore. For some reason, Cooper had never did it was his right to do this. He was going to stay in the ring until he was not going to last his computer.

"Trevor, I just need to make sure. This," he held up the potato gun, "is the underwear."

"Fine." His son held his hands held like a scepter, showing he no longer held any hold over the current occasion. "You get ready for what you're going to have. The police are going to find out we've got potatoes, and besides that sometimes and there orange dials, carrots. You're opening the whole vegetable drawer to the government. You are unbelievable!"

Lily came into the garage now. Trevor



fiction

against her clock.

The phone rang and Libby answered with a pained look, handing it to Cooper. It was Reginald Messer with the police. As much as he said, "Mr. Cooper," Cooper supposed the police chief had his usual number for Priet's office. He was good at this, especially on the telephone. "Have you got some problem with a girl?"

"It's sorry Reginald. What is it?"

"The informal one gotta gas."

"Notate lag," Cooper said, his eyes on Libby. He was mad and now he'd fully controlled and won this. "I called a minute ago about these bags. We have got a genuine infestation. But I just also called the entomologist at Natural Resources, and she's going to call me back." There was a pause on the line, and Cooper went on. "I told the recipient—"

"Oliver Dold."

"I told Oliver Dold that was't an acronym. I saw someone you getting back to me, though. You don't have them, do you? I'm not even sure they're potato bugs. They may be that white bug or white fly, whatever it is."

"Have a nice day," Reginald Messer said. Cooper put the phone down and said to his wife, "Case closed."

THE LAST TIME COOPER saw his mother was in a small second room on the back of the funeral home. She was revealed in white cotton blankets and looked comfortable. Her gray hair was combed straight back, which was a way she never wore it but was the way that Cooper did, and he saw her face in her hair. Her forehead was cool now, and he put his fingers over her cheek and said the word, "Goodbye."

COOPER'S 1994 CHEVROLET was a four-door full Air Brk now. It was the actual car that his father had bought in a lot full of 1993. It had been the family car then. Cooper had taken it to college. Later it was sold to a neighbor and gave for five years. Cooper's father had traded it down in San Diego and restored the car, let by his

Now Cooper pulled the cloth over the vehicle. He pushed around the cover and started it gently with his soft cloth. He poured red fluid into the transmission, it always had a little when parked for a month or two. The ignition key was worn smooth, but when he turned it, the car started once and fired to life. He had fuel for a moment and then let the vehicle set its own purring idle. "Like a sewing machine," his father always said. While the engine

started up, Cooper walked around the car with his cloth, dusting and polishing. The green was in two hours.

HELPING THE GIRL with the bow tie for his next ten minutes before, Cooper had said, "This is a new record for this in a week." He'd stood behind her on the day before and forced a Windsor knot in a blue striped tie which then Trevor pulled apart and redid, saying, "That's about how it clutches." In one minute the boy had mastered ties. That he had been for the memorial service, which had killed the little chap, they had all been people his mother had talked to, counted over the years, a collection of her party buddies, the neighbors, her nurses and neighbors. Cooper had given the eulogy, stepping through the stages of his mother's life by keeping his back to the casket, not letting his final look over the edge.

Now Trevor came out of the house looking stiffly in his hands, carrying a little message in a plastic bag with both hands.

The car was running beautifully. First they picked up Justin in the other side of the high school. Cooper tried to imagine where in the house they had the potato gas, where they shot it. Justin got in the car and saw Trevor's message and ran back to the house for the one he'd forgotten.

BOTH GIRLS, Alison and Denise, were at Alison's house, and there was an extended photo session in the living room. The girls were in satiny spaghetti-strap gowns, one dark blue and one light blue, and the comedy of the parents, two cameras, and one little sister played for ten minutes before Cooper was able to retrieve that Alison was Trevor's date. She was a tall, beautiful girl, and with her brown hair up she was taller than Trevor. She had a mole beside her nose which Cooper thought might have been marring a touch, and she wore large glasses which usually looked wonderful on her straight face. There was some talk about the eyes, Alison's mother advising to Cooper that she could have contacts any time she wanted. To this Alison had smiled and said to Cooper, "Contacts? When I can wear these?"

Trevor was a little stiff, but it was clear he liked Alison's house. He didn't exactly stand close to her for the photos, but she took his arm and pulled him over Justin had asked an arm around Denise, this wasn't their first date.

When the hole finally bumbled the car, all four children in the backseat and Alison's father closed one door while Cooper closed the other.

"How strong on the tie?" Alison asked or laughed.

Cooper smiled and started the old Chevrolet.

EVERY MAN crowns at Leonard's Submarines, a tiny sandwich shop in a small strip mall by the hospital. Cooper opened the car doors, and though he told Libby he was going to sleep, in fact, he does, he had to ask, "Why here?"

Alison called and she and Denise leaned their heads together to sing, "For your birthday or your prom, for your sister or your man, for your every party plan, it's Leonard's!" It was a rock jingle and it was vaguely familiar.

The girls laughed, "It's our prom," Denise said. "We promised we'll come here for the junior prom."

Trevor smiled at Cooper and shrugged. "It's a cheap date." The two couples turned and stood like they're into the little shop. Cooper could see the red-checked tablecloth through the window, and a number of people turned to see who was coming to the door. How would he know a cheap date? Cooper thought—he's never been on a date.

He closed the car doors again and fit the welcome mat of the steps. Everything was across! Herbs, he needed not to look over

THE PROM WAS at the Therseni Club, which was north in the desert. When Cooper had packed the furniture up at Leonard's, they were all talking, spirited, and he found himself irritable. It was the last minute of twilight in the high desert. In the backseat the kids talked over one another about Jackson Pollock, Kubrick war pictures, and the phrase "No less?" Justin was suddenly an expert on things and started his sentences with "It's really..." and "The fact is..." Alison had a funny bit which she'd pull out every few minutes when it would get quiet. "If you don't understand," she'd see, "then use your hand." In the meantime, Cooper could see them all raise their head every five and then laugh.

The opening-level-coded developments dropped behind, and Cooper drove up through the undulating desert shelf. Set alone at the base of the Duranong McDowell Mountains, the Therseni's Country Club looked like a madman's fortress surrounded by a golf course. The large circular drive was zaprooted, lined with the magnificent desert trees, and when Cooper pulled up to the red-carpet entry, the white, night kids in white lace pillows, glowing in the new dark, ran to his door. "It's just a drop-

New Acoustance® module.

Step behind furniture so you won't see it. Improved technology delivers near-infrared heat that seems to come from the tiny cube speakers.

Award-winning Jewel Cube® speakers.

Reflect sound off your walls so create an unsurprisingly wide-sounding, much like a movie theater.

New A/V remote.

Also controls TV, VCR, cable box and satellite receivers, even works through walls from another room.

Hides out of WINK.



New. Different. Better.

Introducing the next-generation Lifestyle® home entertainment systems. Here, which new, different and better in surround sound from Bose®, the most respected name in surround sound. A FREE in-home assessment by Bose® technicians and our own Bose® team.

1997. For more information, call 1-800-ASK BOSE. Ask for Ext. C36. Learn more at ask.bose.com/tw616

all." He told them as he opened the door and the five beautiful young people slid out.

"It's in a 50' line of the table called '36," he told him.

"What a sweetie!" another said. "There was already something else I step ahead of Alicia along the lighted walk toward the stage and alone on the edge of the Tamarack. He rose. Her catch her and take his arm. Just before they crossed the massive wooden doors, he saw them all raise their hands.

FROM THE DARK came up for her, and turning down the broad shallow slope he could see the city below, beds of colored lights layered to the world's edge. There was still one bed of dark blue along the horizon like the edge of a sunset leaf. He turned on the red radio, and only with the two call-release cranks on the light did it brook a moment and then another to warm up and then it was Ricky Nelson singing "Travelin' Man" as ROK, the vintage station which he always kept the radio tuned to as a job, as if the music were coming from the heavens. The tune, marking the source of the world, prefaced "California Girls." Cooper liked the line, "... my sweet friend is down in the hills down..." The violinist the window helped, but he could hear the organ play, the pull.

AT HOME, Libby had the table set. She was going to put out a midnight buffet for the kids. She got her hands on Cooper's chest and saw his face. "Come on," she told him. "Open this." She reached him a cold bottle of champagne. "You can have one drink. You've got three hours before duty." She poured the wine into one of her big white coffee cups from behind and led Cooper out into the backyard. An always, there was a lawn chair on the bottom of their swimming pool. It was where Trevor sat when he was not here. He had a set of rubber-canted hand weights, and he used them to walk around the bottom end of in the chair. Cooper and his wife sat in the old cushion swing and looked down into the green water, which looked green and the rocks washed out and dragged through the debris.

Cooper knew he should say something. He knew she was worried about him, but he couldn't move a single word forward. The wine stilled and glowing white. He could feel his mother's forehead now, and he bowed fully to the top of the Hoover Dam and he turned into the setting white opalescence as it rose to meet him. His breath was

gone and he was falling. There was nothing. Libby took his hand, wove her fingers through his, and squeezed. "Hold on," she whispered, and gravity returned as her arms were around his shoulder and he felt the first real hit his chest. "Look," she said. Cooper opened his eyes and saw the mirror shape of a concrete on the far side of the pool, detailing silently. Another sound appeared from the dark and slipped to the water. Both animals were focused on the two people on the swinging bench, and this the coyotes vented. Cooper blinked his eyes and checked. Gosh.

"I loved her too," Libby said. Cooper nodded. He could feel Libby put Cooper's cup on the little red-wood table. "Come on, sister. Let's go in

ten. She looked about fairly and healthy, she'd been working in the garden?"

COOPER DRAGS BEHIND the Tamarack Country Club and parked in one of the three outside of basketball. The parking lot lay against the dirt's museum. There was an archway of bedrooms coming out of the club, lined with tables where volunteers were giving bike rides to the disabled passengers. Cooper couldn't shake the classroom scene from his dream. It made him smile. He got out into the warm night and opened his trunk. The music pulsed through the trees, something Cooper almost recognized. He thought these things were all through, crash, and top-top. The musical measures he could grasp now unprepared before he

and touched the end with the automatic match.

What was he doing out here? Her seat sat on the green. We could see some space."

What was it like in the hell? Physical change? Something. Libby helped him with his clothes and moved upon him, placing his leg to his arm, turning him, talking softly all the while, and then he kindled, a shining kernel as he came to his, slanting with her body and her mouth, working against her, with her, and the man made of stone was by her side in the same effort. At one point, she smiled at him and said, "We'll do this you." A moment later, he said to her "Gosh I am. I was busy for a minute."

"We can sleep for a while now," Libby said. "I'll make you at eleven." She closed her eyes and wouldn't let him call away, adding without, and she was there on his back as he crossed the line into sleep.

His dream was a variation of the old dream. He was floating up without any support and the view was open, the houses, businesses, and streets, but he couldn't control his speed or direction and he wanted down. His was always a little higher than that was safe to be. Then he saw his mother. Without transition, he was in a dark hallway of an old school, and passing a classroom window, he saw her in the dress, which must have been a typical class because each student sat before an old typewriter. There was an expression on her face, a quiet smile that let him know she knew he was at the window, but she would not turn to him. He was late for something and passed by, amazed by the last thing she'd had a mem-

could come there, but some part of it was old, some rock melody. He could see two couples on the terrace, two hundred yards off leaning in light polka-dot twins, making out. Sitting open only.

The old Chevrolet was sparkling, but he polished the corners of the bumper, under the brow of the headlights, the door handle. The lead driver ahead of him was mirrored back involving a cigarette. He held up his cell phone and said, "It was thirty-five dollars thirty, now twelve. It must be a good thing."

"They call you from inside?" Cooper asked the man.

"I'll give you the outline and then tonight down to see so the kids see the tempo right over there." The driver waved his hand at Cooper's car. "We had a '96 two door. It was that black and white, remember that one?"

"I do. They had a red and white, black and white, and the two-tone green."

"It was a weird car. Aroclor and steel. I wish I still had one. It could go. He hit the gas the 21st."

"Right," Cooper said. "It wants to go." He opened the hood and the hood drawer revealed a law simple the driver was.

"You could work on over the hill." The driver had taken his cap off and leaned over the red engine block, the shiny brass.

"My old man wasn't happy unless he was under the hood every week. What was he doing?"

"Getting it right," Cooper said. Cooper had begun to remember from the memory club (continued on page 166)

THE NEW WRX DOESN'T JUST HUG CURVES. IT THROWS THEM IN A HEADLOCK AND GIVES THEM A NOOGIE.



WRX What happens when

you fuse a turbocharged 227-horsepower

boxer engine to road-hugging Subaru

All-Wheel Drive? The road goes "uh-oh."

While talking power and control inspired

by three World Rally Champions? Or

just slide into the bucket seat, grip the

Monro steering wheel, step on the drilled

aluminum pedal and watch the road

disappear into the hood scoop. Test drive

the new Subaru WRX at your local dealer

or check it out at www.pressWRX.com.

SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.



The Best New Restaurants

BY JAMES S. BEVERLY HONOLULU, MURRAY
 Times may be tough, but a man's still got to eat.
 By John Mariani

(2001)

Was it only last year that the nineteen-year-old hotbox at the hot new restaurant downtown told you there'd be a two-hour wait for your reserved table? Was it really five months ago that extra prices were blowing through the forty-dollar ceiling? Doesn't it seem like just yesterday that your favorite New York area cook in Hell's Kitchen had a screaming fight in stock? Well, welcome to the winners of 2001, a year when a dropping economy and lost real-estate-bubble-fueled restaurants to stand at their closed doors, surviving the stress for customers. Ironically, thanks to all the cash poured into restaurants in 2000, never has dining out been more exciting. So why not gobble it up again only in a pleasantly conversational way? Here: those restaurants that deserve your red-blooded patronage.

- Alfred's
TULSA, OKLAHOMA
- Aries
DUBLIN
- Artisanal
NEW YORK
- Azul
MIAMI
- Bacar
SAN FRANCISCO
- Breeze
LOS ANGELES
- Cypress
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
- Encore
LOS ANGELES
- Fathom
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA
- GW Fins
NEW ORLEANS
- lio
NEW YORK
- Josie
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA
- La Duni
DALLAS
- Le Mas Premier
MIAMI, FLORIDA
- Maestro
FLORENCE, VIRGINIA
- Mantra
SEATTLE
- Naha
CHICAGO
- Oleana
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
- Palena
WASHINGTON, D.C.
- Pico
NEW YORK
- Rustique
PORTER
- Upstream
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
- Plus
MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA

Hot Foods

**Breeze** LOS ANGELES

This is the kind of sunny, open-air, pool-side wine terrace where people take a table at their club table, live look at their watches and show for all to bring "Oh, my God, I'm late for my meeting with Katherine!" Well, take your time and enjoy chef Andrew Marra's very fine cuisine, which has all the pleasures of the menu and all the taste in the world. Try the white-wine soup or the apple fritter, the black rice tartar with avocado, the beautiful cornucopia of the migas with whipped potatoes and the crisp Mac, but with forest, penne and Provençal olive oil. 2020 Avenue of the Stars 230-3333 2011

Cypress Lowcountry Grille

CHARLESTON SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston now has more fine restaurants than it probably needs, but one of the add-ons of Cypress should succeed in making what the competition in The Aegis is cooking in open kitchen a rivalry.

BEST ELEGANTER GEM WINNERS OF THE YEAR

The 3-D dessert menu and accompanying cocktails at 10 Steak & Sushi in Providence. The selection of Swanson TV dinners at 8a in New York.



one-foot glass wall featuring an abstract water, and doughnut-like ceiling lights that change their color every five minutes. As for the food, chef and partner Donald Trachtenberg pumps out some of the best stuff in the South, including garlic-ribbed lamb, crisp, golden-brown-crusted shrimp with Acorn olive, wonderfully rich, fibrous-crusted pork with meaty lobster, shrimp, and well-seasoned sweet corn. 247 First Street 336-1143 2011-2012

Encore LOS ANGELES

Because J. A. D'Amico is back in this elegant Al Regis Hotel restaurant, Revared Espinosa, once the formidable gentleman at Spago, is still on a chef-hunting mission, with all of Hollywood's gamblers and possible who-the-hell? has returned with French chef Bruno Staveland, who has found California's ingredients to suit his liking. Try the next haute-potage stop appetizer course served with terragon





Chef (SOUTH AMERICA) Spring CHICAGO of the Year

Picking chef of the year isn't the choicest best dinner at the Oscars. You'd think it would go to the best person who cooked at the restaurant of the year or the best chef in the world, respectively. But they really are different categories. One is to appreciate while the other is for the person with the personal again and best of all in the profession stand in awe of.

Which is the case with Shawn McCool of Spring, opened in a former bath house in Chicago's West Loop neighborhood. The dining is bright—a mix of rustic dining room with glass white back—McCool's cooking evokes a refined, unfussy approach with a pang of idea and attention to detail that grows just how generous of Chicago's culinary pretensions have become. What could possibly be added to McCool's masterpiece of creamy low-fat risotto with fluffy fish, figs, and a crunch of black pepper? Why not (you know) a little something else on the side, like a scallop seared in a hot pan with wild mushrooms, and garnish with fresh herbs. Further, with a roasted peach tart with vanilla ice cream and a hint of acidity. Though each dish is adorably creative, with a sure touch of American glamour, it's also done with amazing finesse, and it's all good to eat. 2001 White South America 712-694-2001

STARRING CHEFS TO WATCH

Joe Judge (New York) **Joe Judge** (New York)
Michael Anthony (Chicago)
Tom Colicchio (Philadelphia)
Joe Bastianich (New York) **Chris Kim** (Chicago) **Jeff Oster**



And what restaurant will delight us for "For Best Lunch Dish" menu, about starts on base with tomato and cheese, honeycomb eggs with black olives and cherry sauce, and bread-stuffed flank steak with pulled green tomatoes. Now, if they'd only invent a reasonable dress code for men. So, available perfect. 40 West for each dish, 202-442-2252

Jose (SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA)
 Chef Jose Le Rish is the best practitioner of a place and a LA trend serving a square steel for a square dish. He has a knack for creating food people come and regularly return to have work after work for the talk casually holes with girls. There will be some beefsteak with dried capers and green beans, and "sampler menu" cooked in a cast-iron pan with wild beans, mushrooms, and eggs. Desserts are every bit as delicious: from a blackberry crumble to a chocolate bread pudding. 2424 Pico Boulevard, 310-433-7075

La Duff (DALLAS)
 In this warmly welcoming kitchen in Central and South American food, chef Espinaco brings you some a refreshing menu featuring "Pavlova" (a wedge of gelatin powder, decorated with blue and red berries served with fresh hot sauce) and "Pencil" (a South American citrus marinated pork tenderloin served in a sandwich with pickled onions and Manchego cheese). Duff's pastries are superb, any time (6 a.m. to 10 p.m.), South, and dinner—now only the inevitable Venezuelan main course and chicken-waffle cake—and the Latin wine list is a marvel. 6420 Mobley Street, 214-500-7300

Le Mas Pomeroy (NEW YORK)
 Having run one of America's finest French restaurants (Le Ber Pin) for three decades, Georges Pomeroy has released a list by opening a new casual place in Philadelphia's Main Line. Le Mas ("the farmhouse") Pomeroy is here to do an exciting combination of



IF THE BOTTLE DIDN'T GET YOUR ATTENTION, THE AWARDS SHOULD.

58 RATING
 WINE ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE, 2000

BEST WHITE SPIRIT
 SAN FRANCISCO WORLD SPIRITS COMPETITION, 2000

BEST NEW PRODUCT INTRODUCTION
 HARVEST WATLH LEADERS LINDLE AWARDS, 2000

5 STAR RATING
 THE SPIRIT JOURNAL, 2000

FINEST WHITE SPIRIT
 THE SPIRIT JOURNAL, 2000

BEST NEW GIN
 FOOD & WINE MAGAZINE, 2000

SPIRIT OF THE YEAR
 GLEN LATHGORT
 WINE AND SPIRITS ANNUAL BUYING GUIDE, 2001

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
 Tequila No. 10

Sip responsibly.



...a signifi- cant portion of the total charm felt in Hollywood. I lined us
key words. Then we left it (these words) with the tape recorder on.
BY MIKE SAGER // PHOTOGRAPHS BY PEGGY SIROTA

What Julia Said to George

JULIA: So, who's paying for lunch?

GEORGE: We'll pay for lunch.

J: You have to walk me to my car. It's so far away. I didn't have any money for the valet parking.

G: I'll spot you a couple bucks.

J: I was scared that if things didn't go well, I'd have to ask for money.

G: You know you can always count on me.

J: Somehow, I don't feel all that relieved.

G: All right, let's see—an interview.

J: What are we supposed to talk about?

G: Let's talk about who we hate.

J: I'm not letting you get me into trouble. My girlfriend warned me. She said, "Do not follow George's lead. Do not let him lure you into being, like, all honest about how you really feel about everything."

G: Okay, fine. So who do you hate? Ah ha ha!

J: At the moment, I actually have too many to name. People are picking on me. Get off!

G: It always seems to happen when a movie's coming out. It's like you're forced to do publicity for the movie and so as part of that—

J: It adds some real flavor to the story—

G: And everybody piles on.

J: You know, after I was your girlfriend for a while, which was soooo much fun, I was back together with Lyle.

G: You were?

J: I was in Nashville. I was in New York. I was back in Las Vegas doing all these fun things. Next it'll be some soap-opera actor who's like seventeen years old.

G: Now that's a good story!

J: It's just the transparent meanness of it all. Yuck.

G: It's funny I've run into people who've written incredibly mean things about me, and they're like, "Hey, man! How you don't?" And I go, "Hey, man, what? It doesn't work that way, pal!"

J: I don't take that shit. If you're gonna talk, talk to my face. Don't try to suck up after you've just shot in my kitty box.

G: All right, lemme think. What can we talk about that would be of any interest to the readers of *Esquire*?

Three in the afternoon

on fire, sunny, late-August day in Las Vegas. Julia Roberts and George Clooney are sitting across from each other at a corner booth at the *Red-Act-It-Off!* An additional chair has been set, some what awkwardly, at the head of this small rectangular table. It's for me.

George arrived first, pulling up on a vintage Harley-Davidson, the strap from his leather messenger bag hanging loosely across his chest like a bandolier. He sports a sparse mustache and several days' growth of beard. Julia came a few minutes late, a bit frazzled, throwing a recent *Esquire* issue. She's wearing minimal makeup, if any at all. She is dressed in a spaghetti-strap top, matching sweaters and very tight black stretch pants.

Sitting together for the first time in the Steven Soderbergh remake of *Ocean's Eleven*, Julia and George become fast friends—a close, playful confederacy that was erroneously cited in the press as the catalyst for Julia's much-publicized breakup with her longtime love, *Benjamin Bratt*. As we talk, it is still a couple of weeks before the events of *September 11* in New York and Washington, and the word on Julia's love life is still what passes for news.

For the past sixty minutes or so, I've been sitting with them over lunch, she eating, their shared love for Soderbergh, their on-again, even Julia's special homemade mushroom gelato. Now as they settle in for dessert and cappuccino, I rise from my chair and rephrase it at the round set-top behind me: "The movie here, huh?" I say. "The tape recorder are running. There's not anything I wouldn't talk, huh?"



JULIA: You think you could direct me?
GEORGE: Yeah, well, I—
JULIA: You'd relish that.
GEORGE: Like we don't do it every night "Not there, Julia, over here!"
JULIA: Oh, my God!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE GRANITZ
 STYLING: JANE ROSS
 HAIR: JANE ROSS
 MAKEUP: JANE ROSS

J [No winking, who is serving coffee and chocolate cake? Are we allowed to make mojitos in here?]

WHA? I wasn't complin'.

G You can't do it, if it'll help the director. You can do that.

J I figured that I'd just start with mojitos—

W Well, that would be much simpler.

G Oh, boy! I can see it now. The mojitos part is going to be the main story. Trust me. That's gonna be the cover. It's gonna be a picture of you with a just on your lip.

J [Speaking directly into the tape recorder.] I don't really smoke dips.

G Did you smoke when you were a kid?

J I smoked dips twice. It made me too cheap. It's not fun. I'm spending my life trying to live strong and stay awake. Why am I gonna do something I go to sleep?

G I need to shoot mojitos. It was real by accident. It was hard to get it in the script.

J It must have come out kinda not too smooth.

G It was very painful.

J This is exactly what my girlfriend wanted me to do?

G Now, [breathing in fear]

J What should we really talk about? We have this golden opportunity.

G Why are you calling your eyes?

J George, you look that to me.

G I'm not. It's just the brand. It makes me look thinner.

J No, it doesn't.

G Does so.

J No. It does not.

G It does. I'm selling you.

J I think your arm look thinner.

G That's because I stopped working out.

J No, you look like you've been working out, just not working on your arms.

G We were in Italy for three weeks on motorcycles, all the boys.

J The boys from all your movies? Those boys?

G All of 'em. We got six blackies in Italy, and we started in Lake Como, and we rode all the way up to St. Moritz, and then all the way across the Alps.

J What year was that?

G No. Well, not from riding.

J You remain silent?

G We went through the Swiss Alps,

the Italian Alps, the French Alps, and then down to St. Tropez. And then through Italy.

J I've never been to any of those things. I want to go on.

J I want to be, like, the pet girl. And I don't mean that in a bad hands way!

G No, you mean a pet pet.

J Yeah.

G I don't think you wanna do that. I think you wanna have your own hole and be your own mama.

J Gee, I hope I parked my car somewhere that's a place me can park a car.

G I'm sure it'll be okay. They probably won't see it.

J I think it's certainly interesting.

G Where do you usually stay when you're in town?

J I'm staying at your house, of course.

G In-city on the city-stay at the city-stay house!

J Shitman! This cake is really good!

G I'm gonna show some money cake hole.

G Okay. Next subject. Howman.

What has surprised you most about this business?

J What has surprised you?

G It's funny, but I always thought that when you get to a position, where you can get a movie made, the script you get is still always to be good. But the truth is, a good script is very hard to find, period. That was a big surprise.

J I know, because you feel like, somewhere in this high tower in a meeting room where they keep all of the golden scripts.

G And they're gonna open up the vault real—

J And you see a golden beam of light.

G Yeah, and something like the Starliner comes in and they hand it to you.

J But instead they hand you crap and ask you to sign it real gold.

G They say, "Make it look good."

J They?

G Who's the director you want to work with?

J Wim Wenders.

G He's good.

J He's great.

G He's great.

J He's great.

G He's great.

J He's great.

G Give me a movie.

J Gullpob.

G Peter West.

J Peter West?

G You can't go wrong there. He's really good. Anybody who doesn't want to work with anybody who was rated by you?

J I think people who are rating is now I really don't want to spend time with anyone.

G There's a couple of guys who made me mad.

J People who are mean and stupid. I won't work with them. You think you could direct me? You think you could make a film me what to do every day?

G Yeah, well, I—

J You'll rethink that.

G Like we don't do it every night?

J [Huge, huge, huge laugh.]

J Like when I go, "Not there, Julia, over here!"

J Oh, my God!

G That's what makes me happy.

J Good, George?

G Probably not. I probably would not want to direct you, I mean. We shot a screen test, and now that's weird.

J You're gonna screen test me? I just can't read for a part?

G No so no so. If I could I mean, we screen tested some actors for a role. And it was very strange. Even though we shot a screen test progression for an actor in direct, and even though I've directed before, in theater and stuff, it's very strange to not in a scene and direct in the same time.

J I would think it'd be weird.

G It is weird. You're in a scene together with the other person, and you're supposed to be on the same team. But somehow, at the same time, you still have to sort of sit in judgment of their performance.

J So, you still have to give them notes. And that means sort of ambivalent and wrong. It takes a lot of understanding between the actors involved.

J Yeah, but don't you think that anyway when you're in a scene with somebody? You're not consciously paying attention to what they do, but when they do something that seems out of place, you kind of go—

J You kind of check it.

G It depends on the scene too, though. If it's someone I'm involved by—

J But how can you judge what you



you're not doing in the scenes?"
Q I see? Except that as the director, I'm so much more familiar with the script than any of the other scenes are. Like, with Steven Seidman, one of the things he's so good at is that he's so deeply aware of the script. He knows what each of the moments needs to carry, not just for the scene to work but for the entire film to work.
J Nizza.

Q Actors tend to work toward a scene or toward a character. But when you're directing, you sometimes have to go, "All that is very nice, but right now you just need to deliver the fuckin' guess!"
J Right.

Q Not to deliver the guess because your parents are alienated so you become a genius delinquent boy. I just need you to say, "Here's the guess."
J Exactly. And do you have a really good crew?

Q The best.
J When doing craft service?
Q Actually, unfortunately, I'm doing craft service, too. That was part of my deal. It's directing and script and doing craft service.

Q There's why you're so thin!

J Show's Waddo, by the way?

Q He's a really good.

Q Is he on the staff?

Q [Speaking into the tape recorder] What is our get issue for—
J Oh, God, George?
Q It's a fix, thank. It's sure means you.
J I cannot see your driver's license.
Q I don't have it. Oh, wait a minute, yes, I do. I don't have a wallet. I lost my wallet. So I have just a stack of things.
J What's this bright green card?
Q ATH.
J Wow. It's so green! Not need to sign it.
Q He's a good picture.
J Oh, my God! You look like a little boy.
Q I am a little boy then.
J When is this going to expire?
Q Six, seven, I suppose.
J There to tell you this—
Q I know, I know. I already got a new one.
J You're so sweet.

Q It's a nice look, isn't it? Are you an open dancer?
J Absolutely.
Q It can look a no-brainer to me.
Q What organs are you gonna dance, George?
J I don't really have anything. I'm allowed to give away.
Q Don't give away Waddo!

Q Now, that's a major organ! [He demonstrates on Waddo.]
J Do you know where your spleen is?
Q Why? Do you think you hurt your spleen?
J No, but I just found out where the spleen is. It is in such a different place.

Q You I had engaged.

Q Where do you think it was?

J Near the bottom. I guess.

Around the corner and out of sight, I've taken a seat at the bar, among a waitress from the night shift who has stopped so early to try to catch a glimpse of George. She has brought along a professional for support.

"So what are they like?" the girlfriend asks.
"What is he like?" asks the waitress.
"He's very much like himself," I say. "But what you'd expect. She's having pretty professional, but you can tell she's not in a capsule bar here."

"She's kind of the press?" asks the girlfriend.
"I'd hate to have her make the world know how close I am to my relationships," the waitress says.
"What relationship?" the girlfriend giggles.
"Sister?"
"What did they talk about?"
"Well, it's an... I just, trying to recall—"

"They had a great time watching Oscar's Eleven. Especially Julie. She was the only girl in the car."
"Who is it?" the waitress asks.
"George, of course. And PVA, Marc Damon, a bunch of others."
An answer: "OKAY!"

"They had a lot of fun, apparently."

Julie says she's the girl version of

George? "

"I wonder what that means?" the waitress asks.

"What else?" says the girlfriend.

"Where do you live? You live in Mexico?"
J New Mexico.
Q New a big city?
J It is in a really sweet, quiet place.

And I'm actually here home for the past week, almost six weeks. It's pretty weather. Most beautiful view every day. Random—

Q So you live high up there. You're not down in the—
J Secret?!

Q Oh?
J Yes.

Q When we were on our motorcycles, we were at like twelve and thirteen thousand feet in the snow.
J AHHHHH! Really?

Q We were up at the snow and we rode the motorcycles off, and then we would coast down the slope for an hour without having to use the engine on, and suddenly it was 90 degrees and somebody got their shorts off. It was wild, who?

Q I And a body bagged you?
Q Not so much. I mean, we were in Florence and ended up at the middle of the square where you're not supposed to have any cars. We got lost, and we got the motorcycle stuck in the middle.

J You mean, like, in front of the Duomo?
Q Yes, we were in front of the Duomo.

on our motorcycles, track. And these girls are pulling us up. [He stretches to see Helen smile.] You have to walk a die before it. And I'm going, "Look, these things are great bikes. You see what? It's outta here!"

That was embarrassing. So now, have to park the right places to go. But if you're not in the Alps, you get lost problems.

J George, you do all the cinder shoes?
Q That's right.
Q Do you ever not hang out at home?
Q All the time. I'm at home right now. I don't live far away from here. I'm eight minutes from my office at Warner Brothers.

Last night I got home from the office at nine o'clock.
Q I know you talking me that like I don't know. What time did you get home from the office, honey?
Q Yeah, exactly. Well, it was right after you Waddo came up.

J [Hypnotized laugh].
Q [She laughs, followed by a snort. She speaks into the tape recorder.] For the record, this was a year.

J [By laugh]. You know what the name of this article is going to be?
Q In *entertainment Weekly*? [Dales of laughter.]

Q Oh, yes. He's gonna bill us.
J You mean it?
J No, you did?

Q No, you did?
J No, I didn't?
Q You started it. We can play the tape back.

J [Speaking into the tape recorder]. And

that's not code for anything but pulling the tape back.

Q So, you don't have any other jobs coming up?
J I just want to, like, take a breath and, like, calm down some for a minute. I'm feeling a little bad about like a Coca-Cola run.

Q Right?
J Shakes up and ready to explode!

Q Well, doesn't that always happen right after a movie anyway? After all the interview and the publicity and the acting and all the rest of it?

Q I don't know.
Q After a movie opens, I always feel like, okay, that's it. I'm never doing this again.

Q I know that's a cliche, but it's like that have this big where like the Wheel of Fortune but it's standing up, and they spin it, and it's all of our names on it. And they spin it and they go. Oh! George! George! George!

They're not even! You had first come out, and first of all, it's an incredible bit, you know. It makes a lot of money, both here and foreign. And then it becomes an Oscar race, which's bigger than just selling a movie. And then you've got all these awards shows—the New York Times Critics Award, the Golden Globes, all the rest—you're got to go to all of these things, as you're convalescing in the public eye. And then there was that sort of very

MADONNA DRESS: ANTHONY MARRAS; HAIR: GUY AROCH; MAKEUP: CHERIE HANCOCK; STYLING: JESSICA WILSON; SHOES: PRADA; SUIT: ARMANI; TOP: CALVIN KLEIN; SKIRT: BIRGER ANDERSSON; JEWELRY: GIORGIO ARMANI; JEWELRY: GIORGIO ARMANI; JEWELRY: GIORGIO ARMANI; GROOMING: GUY AROCH; STYLING: JESSICA WILSON; HAIR: GUY AROCH; MAKEUP: CHERIE HANCOCK

public relationship that because part of the focus, so you were constantly out there. And that you have another movie opening and a breakup, so it's just been one thing after another for more than a year now.

Q You know, I know [the gossip stuff]. I'm never going to talk about a man again for the rest of my life.

Q It's a myth, isn't it?
J Well, I think I've learned not to say things that I'll live to regret—all today, anyway.

Q [Giggles]
J I think that just your or so has come to a check. How is—where I let you know?

Q [Sings power]. Missing what exactly—where you are? Meaning where you start of it?
J Missing that I'm famous.

Q Right, right?
J It's kind of come on a bit of a—on a bit of a blow, actually.

Q Well, that's an interesting thing. It's funny. I was watching *Dustin's Dream*. And there's this element that is difficult for people to understand about being on big a size as you are. It's hard for a leading man at times to hold his own against you, you know what I mean? As an actor, I think there are a lot of wonderful actors out there. Just you sort of—you're so—

J Yeah, John Roberts, you know? I've found that I get cast for or they mistakes into the film to establish that I was in it.

Q Before the chick shows up?
J Yeah. It's a funny thing, but there aren't really big female stars anymore. There were in the forties. That's what drove the industry to the forties. Today, there are lots of actresses. But you—you're bigger than the male stars. And that hasn't been around for a while. It's been a male-driven industry for a long time. So it's really interesting to watch. We always talk about—you know, you and I have talked about it before—how these aren't real movie stars anymore, how they don't really exist anymore, how there aren't any. That *Newsweek* anymore. There are a couple now. There's you and Tim and a few others who are really just bigger than life. People have to take their skins at you because you're sitting on top.

Q Which I understand, and I don't

really mind. But I also think this whole movie-star thing—to be called a movie star in the forties was, like, beautiful and glamorous.

Q It's not a bad thing now.
J [Laughs]. What age are you, George?
Q You? With Care. Ah, he's soft shoulder!

J Slow Children.
Q I was trying to come up with that one.
J You're a Teenie?
Q Yes, I'm a Teenie.

J That explains so much.
Q Does it really?
J Uh-huh.

Q Do you really pay attention to that stuff?
J Sure. [With a southern accent.] I'm the golden knight, George.

Q Do you really or not?
J Hardly.
Q So what are you?
J I'm a Scorpio.

Q Is that good?
J Well, yes.
Q Do you check what someone is when you want to go out with them?

J The words if only spring to mind.
Q Funny?

J I would never let astrology get in the way of a lovely dinner date. But there's one male sign of the zodiac that I just won't go out with.

Q Can you say what sign that is?
J I don't think I should.
Q Is it Taurus?
J No, daddy.

E If I'm given six you some questions now.
Q Fire away.
J What are you, a 42 regular?

Q 40 regular, baby.
J 40 regular.
Q How tall are you—five nine, five eight?

J Five nine. Okay, so you're 40 regular?
Q 40 regular.

J Let's go to a party or something. I'm only here for a few days. I want to do something fun.
Q Okay? Where's a fun party? Where's the fun-hub?

J I don't know. You're supposed to know.
Q Not me. I'm out of the loop.

J I thought you were the loop.
Q I've never been the loop. I'm always on the periphery of the loop.
J Will you investigate and figure something out?

Q Yeah, I'll do it.
J Let's go out together and have some fun.

Q Me take you out? That'll be good for some time.
J [Long laugh].
Q Stir the pot, woman.

I approach the booth. George and Julia pretend they don't see me coming. They both lean in toward the center of the table, speaking into the tape recorder, the crown of their heads almost touching.

"He isn't going to listen to this tape, right?" George says.

"No, he'll have a transcription. He'll never hear this."
"I don't care for him," George says evenly. "Do you like him?"

"I don't think he likes us," says Julia, knitting her brow.

"No, I don't think he likes us, either," says George.

"I could tell that when we came in," says Julia. "And I just know I'm going to lose sleep over it tonight, too."

Counting the scenes, straightening himself in the booth, remembering his sweater proudly, Julian muses on, "I would just like to say, on behalf of my boyfriend George Clooney, that we apologize for the last"—she checks her watch—"fifty-eight minutes of our troubles."

"My?"
"We had a couple of highlights. But for the most part, it's just trash."

"Pure trash. And I'd like to apologize for the future Mrs. Clooney and her petty mouth."

"And my resistance to wearing what?"
George laughs apologetically.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm just not really into going in such a head case. The pressure?"

"We want to see a red wedding dress," George explains to me. "I'm thinking more something in green, to bring out the circles under my eyes."

"I've been keeping her up nights."
"You bobcat?" says Julia.
George makes a growling sound like a bobcat.

"That's what you boys say, isn't it? It's a file at bobcat in the web. I've learned more pickup lines from you boys."

"Does any—[continued on page 164]"



JULIA: Let's go out together and have some fun.
GEORGE: Me take you out? That'll be good for some stories.
JULIA: [Big laugh]
GEORGE: Stir the pot, woman.

STYLING: JENNIFER WOOD; HAIR: JAMES L. WOOD; MAKEUP: JENNIFER WOOD; PROP STYLING: JENNIFER WOOD; PROP STYLING: JENNIFER WOOD; PROP STYLING: JENNIFER WOOD



This man has spent the last twenty years preparing to defend us. As he and America head off to war, we thought you should get to know him
BY MIKE SAGER Photograph by Martin Schellie

MARINE

DRAGON SIX IS OSCAR MIKE, on the move to kick up with Basilisk.

Post mobile along Axis Run, he is leading a detachment of ten U. S. Marines across a stretch of desert scrub in the national oil-rich nation of Kuwait. He has a steady pace of three blocks per hour, three kilometers, waste in money after twenty-three years of similar forced marches through the terrain, his small powerful body cannot slightly forward, his ankles and knees a little sore, his dirty black Desert combat boots are a crumbling over branches and rocks and coarse sand.

His pale blue eyes are bloodshot from lack of sleep. His face is camouflaged with stripes and splashes of grass-green, brown, and black to match his woodland-style uniform, fifty-six dollars a set, worn in the field without sleeves underneath, a personal wardrobe preference known as gungahossando. Along his Kevlar helmet rides a pair of goggles stashed in an old sock. Around his neck hangs a heavy pair of rubberized binoculars. From his left hip dangles an olive-drab pouch. With every step, the pouch swings and hits his thigh, adding another faint, persistent thump to the quiet symphony of his gear, the total weight of which is not taught and seldom decreases. Inside the pouch is a gas mask for NBC strikes—nuclear, biological, or chemical weapons. Following an attack, when field gauges show the air to be safe, one can spit for breathing, replace the cell for the air, or choose one man to remove his mask and lead.

After ten minutes, if the man shows no ill effects, the rest of the manna can begin removing theirs. The temperature is 82 degrees. The air is thick and humid. Sounds of distant fire swirl as the men leave the boom and tumble of artillery, the pop and crackle of small arms. He is leading his men in a northwesterly direction, headed for an unimproved road designated Phase Line Blue. There, he will rendezvous with Bravo Company, radio call sign Basilisk, one of five companies under his command, nearly one hundred men,

around with weapons ranging from M16A2 rifles to Hammer-mounted TQM assault launchers. In his plowed right hand he carries a map case (backbone from cardboard and duct tape—the cardboard salvaged from boxes of M&M's candy ready-to-eat, high-tech field rations that cook themselves when water is added). Clipped to the map case is a corkboard assessment of killing pens, the colors of which indicate the best terrain for certain side arms. A sign on his breast has the name "Lujan" in bold letters. The holster is secured onto his hip harness, a pair of such suspenders is attached to the vest belt around his waist—which itself holds magazine pouches with spare mags and spare muzzles. Although he has load-bearing apparatus as known as issue gear, as an U.S. Government Beta No. 393 the receipt a machine was once required to sign upon issuance. These days, the corps is computerized.

Near his left clavicle, also secured to his hip harness—which is worn atop his fish-rose-a-warrior steel peach. Inside he keeps his Leatherman utility tool, his government-issue New Testament, a single M&M's (it's over from an M&M), and a tin of Capote's gun gel, a no-odor-scent dip of which is evident at this moment in the bulge of his harness bag. In contrast to his dark, olive-makeup, and in the harness bag of most of the men in his detachment, a forward-command element known as the Jump. They march dual-footed in a double-file formation through California sage and coyote bush and forest, the smell pungent

"Marines must see their CO under combat situations not as a human," Sinclair says, "but as a nonemotional, efficient killing machine."

and spicy, like something resulting in a garnish oven, each man alone and serious, deliberate movement, eyes tracking left and right as a routine, each man taking a methodical pace and stride, which cut breathing short, to pass his legs and spit a stream of brownish liquid onto the ground, the varied styles of these expressions somehow befitting, a metaphor for each personality, a metaphor, accordingly, for the Marine Corps itself: a tribe of like minds in different bodies, a range of shapes and sizes and colors, all wearing the same beret and uniform, all bearing to the same standards and customs, yet still a collection of individuals, each with his own particular style of getting through today's work, each with his own particular life to give for his country.

In the center of his fish-rose-but-and-honey designed to show strength but not bulliness or heroism—a steel pin about the size of a thumb, his insignia of rank, a silver oak leaf. Ever since he was young, growing up on the outskirts of Seattle, the second of four sons born to a department store manager and a missionary's daughter, Robert O. Sinclair always wanted to be a Marine. Now, at age thirty, he has reached the rank of lieutenant colonel. He has what many consider to be the ultimate job for an infantry officer in the corps, the command of his own battalion, in that case BN One-Four—the 1st Battalion, 4th Marine Regiment. A proud war with a distinguished history, the One-Four saw its first action in 1916 during the Mexican Wars in the Dominican Republic. In the late twenties, the 4th Marines became known as the Clean Regiment when it was sent to Shanghai to protect American interests. During World War II, the One-Four was part of a larger force that participated in the Japanese at Guadalcanal. Its colors were burned, the survivors rescued POWs, forced to endure the infamous Bataan Death March. Informed two years later, the regiment arrived again in the first wave of landings on Iwo Jima. It has since fought in Vietnam, Desert Storm, and Somalia.

Over January weekends and the One-Four—expanding to include tanks, artillery, amphibious and light armored vehicles, engineers, and 150 additional troops—will ship out on three Navy amphibious assault vessels to the 13th MEU (SOCC), Marine Expeditionary Unit (Special Operations Capable), based for the warm Pacific and the Persian Gulf, in only five amphibious sectors. Fully equipped to wage combat for fifteen days without resupply or reinforcement, a unit previously trained to a war against terrorism. "We are familiar in conducting raids," says Sinclair. "We're never made for special ops. We're trained to get in, hit a target, kill the enemy and fry up and pull back to our ships again. We can go by hole. We can infiltrate by land. We can go ashore covertly. We can set up together anything. We're ready to do whatever it takes."

At the moment, in marine lingo, at a twenty-four season thirty-uniform May 1990, on 4:30 in the afternoon on May 26, 2001, will before the prospect of going to war suddenly become real and imminent this fall. It is the fourth day of something called the Brecken Ridge—a field exercise, an on-the-job training for Sinclair and his men. Truth be told, this is the first chance Sinclair has ever had to take his own battalion out for a spin. Eight months ago, he had a lower rank and a different job as a teacher was somewhere else. Eight months ago, 90 percent of the men in his battalion were somewhere else, a good percentage of them had only recently graduated from high school.

At all, between the time he took the flag of the One-Four—a dragon wrapped around a dagger on a blue diamond) the motto: Whatever It Takes—and the day that January or sooner when he and his men and all their equipment arrive out of San

Diego Harbor—wives and families and a brass band left behind on the deck—Sinclair will have had only a dozen months to build from scratch a crew of fifteen forces, trained for every contingency from humanitarian relief to police action to strategic guerrilla raids full scale on a mission. He has seven more months to get the bugs out. There is much to be done.

And so it is that Bob Sinclair is Oscar Mike across a stretch of desert scrub in the national country of Rwanda, which is actually in the state of California at Camp Pendleton, the largest amphibious training base in the world spread across 120,000 rugged and breathtaking acres along the Pacific coastline. In his office or on an exercise, over the next nine, Sinclair will look up with his hand, the main effort at this low-phase operation. From there, Sinclair will lead his men with the maximum, covered a hill or breckle position, high step a storm, no-surrender. At a mile from hand-to-hand, with the pop and zap of a white double-barreled rifle, the battle will conclude a non-recognized, nonlethal, nonlethal night attack against the incoming enemy forces of Uganda, dug in at artificial compounds, eyes on the jaws of hell.

Or that of the plan, saying like the babies say: A plan is only good until the first shot is fired, sometimes not even until then.

AT PHASE LINE RICH Sinclair and his men take cover in a stand of high weeds. The low young growth has been his security element—a corporal and three privates, peepers showing through some pants—emerge along a light circular perimeter. They assume some position on the deck, in the rocky sand, their ring against the tracks of their men, some, their black rifles and an M16A2, Sigbee Automatic Weapons, a 30mm light machine gun with a reasonable hope.

The ground is ridged with gopher mounds, bog with one,



The sergeant major (left) holds his son, while the sergeant major (right) holds his son.

logs and small knolls. These types of cartridges include the best, along with weapons, cooking, maintenance, and common items. Overhead, against a backdrop of second-growth canopy and dry sky, a red-tailed hawk broods on its wings, suspended in flight, talons flexed. Eating a rat for a while.

Sinclair sits with his legs crossed and his feet on the ground, his head, his right eye on the intense yellow flowers of the black anemone wood, fixed to capacity. His mouth puckered and his one arm a wheelbarrow, a questionable pillow as well as lounge inside the park, among the thorns, he keeps a roll of toilet paper, extra socks, reserve tins of Capote's gun, map, sunglasses, his N70s, high-top sneakers from Cross Creek, a one-gallon water container with a long drinking tube attached, and his M&M's war and justice, M&M's Oreo's Protective Protein, marine lingo for the avoidance of work with the gun, a tank in case of NBC attack.

Five feet six inches tall, Sinclair has a quiet, light-colored giggle and a baby's face, a Marine Corps tattoo on each shoulder. He is, in the words of one of his officers, "a good human being who's

able to be a mofmeister." He has a pretty wife, his second, and a baby son and partial custody of his eleven-year-old son. They live seven miles from an end-of-the-world coastal-mountain subdivision, about thirty minutes from the base, a black Buick Thunder and a black Honda Civic sport parked side by side in the driveway. He loves fishing, peeps before eating his M&M's in the field.

Though Sinclair was once imprisoned in a school at the Angry Little Miss, he is known to his men as a teacher and a father figure. Above all, he is known as a fellow. A fellow grunt, walks most marine officers, Sinclair joined the corps right out of high school. He spent the summer in boot camp in San Diego, then went off to Western Washington University. Following graduation (he majored in political science), upon completion of his basic officer training, Sinclair was asked to list three career choices. He wrote infantry three times. He was chosen out of his CO for discharging orders of the Marine Corps says three choices, and while well aware three—but it was worth it to be in the place.

At twenty-two, as a lieutenant, Sinclair became a rifle platoon commander in the Army's elite 1st Cavalry, he won a company command or infantry battalion similar to the One-Four unit action in Somalia and Rwanda. In his early days, as a sniper, he worked out of a hole in a mountain of a mountain staff and the director of the Infantry Officer Course at Quantico, Virginia. Training as CO of the One-Four, he is known for his attention to detail. He's almost worship objects in battlefield tactics and techniques. Important also is his reputation for pushing down power into NCOs, for delegating authority to the noncommissioned officers, the sergeants and the corporals, an essential managerial concept in that horizonless organization. The smallest of all the services—about 170,000 compared with the Army's 670,000-1,000,000 including reserves—the Marines also have the lowest officer-to-volunteer ratio, one-to-six, compared with the Army's one-to-five. More than half of the corps is composed of the three lowest pay grades—enlisted corporals, file, and private. Every year, more than 30 percent of the enlisted ranks transfer out and return to civilian life. Dissatisfied career officers and NCOs, they receive a complete paycheck of bonuses about every three years.

Not as flexible as it sounds, nor Phase Line Red, dark clouds gather ominously over the mountains. "Guess we're in for a nice little bit," he says, fishing but tracking radar on the radio and overhead. "We, sir," says not Sergeant Major, sitting to his right, John Hanky, forty in the ranking, noncommissioned officer in the One-Four, the most senior of all the enlisted, though still junior to the greatest senior lieutenant. A good bit of bay from Georgia with a booming gravel voice, he is always at Sinclair's side, offering advice and support, engineering orders, unobscuring the interests of his men. Asked about his favorite career moment, he thinks a moment, pauses (never the day, at age twenty-two, when he received his high school diploma, the 40th percentile of his class, the day his father passed his sergeant major's chevrons to his father, the day, when he was stationed in Vietnam as an engineer guard, that his son was born by emergency C-section.

"Those pink-haired Bandana Road are gonna be a hell bunch," Sinclair says. "Holy Moses!"

"Been there many times," Sergeant Major says. He goes a stream of bromas liquid into the woods. "Character builder sir."

"It won't be as steep as yesterday, but it's no foggy higher," Sinclair says, his feet scurrying across forest with a bit of southern draw, "wider to a greater or lesser extent by most terrain effects, no matter what the regional origin—honest, perhaps, to the amphibious nature of the water's position, even when the points are full of young American military leader who made his own way out of place, then kids some dirt over the wet spot on the ground, covering it up."

"You would think you'd be a lot as to how much character you can build, air. But I'm not needed at yet."

"Do-uh, Sergeant Major?"

"Isn't this right, Colin?" Sergeant Major calls the shoulder of the nervous young make operator among behind Sinclair, nearly knocking him over. File Miles Colin is twenty years old, a slight youth just his side of forty-five feet four with long curly hair. The twelve-pound snail he's carrying—a one-tonation forest SINGAPORE single-chamber ground-and-airborne radio system—fits with a difficulty into his snail pack. The ten-foot whip-style antenna makes a noise. "File Miles means it's time to bump, he has already slipped Sinclair on the helmet several times with the thick red rubber coated suit."

Here in Phase Two, read in the ghetto of Haystack, Massachusetts, Colin says English with the accented rhythm of his home island. Each of his syllables are pinned, a remnant of

his days with the Latin Kings. But months ago, Colin was heading rocks with a ten-pound snail in the CGU, the Conventional Company Unit in Camp Pendleton, based down off the ground for training in the Camp. It was his last official, the Old Man snail has run back out of the corps. But Sinclair probes himself on behalf of and for his company, to see who they work. As he tries to say "You can't ignore command. You're behind a damn deal." "I bet he, you have to know what to expect from your men. That's the whole reason they practice everything so many times. That's the whole reason he's out here on the Jump rather than back in the rear commandment from a camp where he can be the relative control of the CGC, the Conventional Operations Center, a big black tent with a generator, lights, computers, and a banquet-style cafeteria."

Sinclair says something in Colin, and Colin responded he was



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK ELLER

down. But he never dropped his pack, at the hubbar stay. Now he has found himself assigned as the Old Man's snail operator. He darts a look at Sergeant Major. Privilege in the Marine Corps often a two-edged sword. It had been shown in a manner by that sergeant, he'd be back at the CGC himself, pulling rank which He sits a stream of bromas just toward the ground. A little bit behind him, he has, until his last wet. "A definite character build," Sergeant Major.

Sinclair twists around. Dishes Colin his snail. "There ya go, snail," he says crossly.

"Here comes Blackie night now," announces the Opsid, the operations officer, indicating the lead element of Bravo Company coming around a bend double file.

Major Mister Bailey Belates D-U-Lodie. Mikey is his friend—a Dragon Troop to Sinclair's Dragon Troop. His platoon and command of all the noncommissioned in the field. Thirty-two years old, a strong, no fat two, he's a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute. His 1984, every Major Bailey before him had been a platoon sergeant. Growing up in the army before of Wilson, West Virginia, the only boy of four children, he set his rights early on the Marines. "John Wayne and some books took me to the dark side as a very shy kid," he says.

Behind and blue-eyed, with stripes under his eyes, Belates was up all night on the laptop computer in the CGC, picking out the best way for tonight's movement. He's a detailed, no-logic plan (a little bit for tonight's movement). He's a no-logic plan (a little bit without water). There's twelve, six, he's underweight majority of his snail weight. He's not yet cleared for carriage on any kind

Sitting next to Major Belates is the FSC, the five-support commander, Major Randy Page. Six feet four with gray eyes, thirty-four years old, Page built from Wagon Wheel, New Mexico, popularity file. He's got a welding ability and other weapons for support the ground on the ground. Married with no kids, a five-year film buff, a self-proclaimed computer geek. Page looks being in the field. He has favorite music a cassette. "You're the man, you're on a horse and you're the past available. And you got kind of kind of kind of it feels like you feel like you're because you're odd or hot or not whatever—but it just feels good."

Now Page looks himself off the hill. He scans the horizon, taking a deep drink of the spicy air. "Looks like that light coming in a little early, sir."

"Roger that, Major Page," Sinclair says, granting a bit as he runs, as men of a certain age begin to do.

"Do your best, sergeant," growl Sergeant Major. He looks playfully at the base of Lance Corporal Joseph Gray, the other radio operator on the Jump. Gray has been dropping lately. He's newly married to a very young Cuban girl. There are troubles at home, a hole in the way. Sergeant Major reaches down and offers Gray a helping hand. "How it, Devil Dog," he berks.

AFTER A LONG, STEEP CLIMB—the last bit, a 30-degree slope through sharp thorns—Dennis Jager and Brooks are in place on the summit of No Name Hill, looking down upon Battalion Objective Four and Five. Huddled together in the patch-dark, Sinclair and his men are finally seated. They sit in rocky soil, on a bushy cut across the topographical crest of the hill. A cloud bank has settled over them. Visibility is only their NVGs which are ambient light, so imperceptible. It's cold and wet and quiet, the silence broken only by the beep and crackle of the SINGAPORE radios.

The time is zero one thirty hours. According to intelligence, there is a company, more about 100 men, of Organized Forces dug in around the two key points in the rally before past to the northeast of No Name Hill. Eight hundred meters away on the cross files, Scout/Jump reports have the enemy seated with A-64 rifles, light and medium machine guns, and JGEM mortars. Based upon assessments taken from the body of the recently dead officer (members of the One-Four's H&B company, headquarters and service, are playing the role of the enemy), there is reason to believe that the Organized Forces, members of the district's 2nd Revolutionary Guard, will attempt to hold their positions at all costs.

Though the original fire order linked Bravo Company as the main effort of the attack, it has become clear that the plan is no longer viable. With consent on the commander's part, the fire that the scout team file of No Name Hill is a direct call. There is no way Sinclair is going to order a company of great machine guns and the side without supporting elements. Likewise, the fireteam is considered as an avenue of approach, cut by great bulldozers, are hundred feet wide, that piece of terrain is completely exposed—the face sloping down gradually into the objective like a ski run.

Because they're to learn how to think on the fly, Sinclair has ordered Belates to retreat the attack, a hellacious process that began with Belates—moving to the objective conditions in effect—by fire a time beneath his own position, his red-lined flashlight as one hand, a pen in the other, writing up formal orders for the new attack, composing sentences such as: "GO TO THE DESTROY THE RED ONE. Once completed, the orders were disseminated via radio down the chain of command. Upon receiving his orders, each man made a few notes for himself in his olive drab

journal, part of his required gear.

The new plan goes like this: Charlie Company moves in the valley, flanking the supporting effort, becomes the main effort in the attack. It will advance across the desert floor around the bottom of No Name Hill, then turn left at a bend L formation. Upon seeing the signal flare—a green double star burst—it will attack the enemy's flank. Bravo Company will remain on No Name Hill as a support for First Company. In addition, Sinclair has called on the CA-VI platoon, the Cavalry Anti-Air Team. It's a mounted unit consisting of three mounted 80 caliber machine guns and attached TOW missile launchers.

While Charlie Company moves into its new position—difficult in the dark without NVGs, low visibility in the increasingly dense state of five hundred meters an hour through the thick terrain—Sinclair and his men hunker down on the firebank atop No Name Hill, a dark circle of fireless shelves enveloped in a low, cold mist.

Looking up again at sunset, Sinclair's company members has his wet as a support with sunset. It's cold and wet, and he looks over. He's "downgrade engine" available, he's happy as he can be. This is what he signed up for. He's glad to be close to go out on the Jump tonight, down and dirty with the men, the men assemble the better, connecting with his eyes instead of a radio handset. There's a party in being in the field. It helps you keep your edge. It helps you keep your sense of perspective. You learn not to take your lifestyle and your freedom for granted. You learn not to care so much about what year the wine was bottled, what brand of clothing you wear, all that hazzard that people think, to be appreciated. Being out here, you learn to appreciate the simple things,

The smallest of the services, the Marines have the lowest officer-to-enlisted ratio, one-to-nine, compared with the Army's one-to-five.

like just how great it is to sit at a table to take a dump.

Over the past, Sinclair has endured conditions such as waterless these. It's been in the desert in Kuwait, 130 degrees. He's looked into the eyes of starving infants in Bosnia. He's treated cholera from the American Embassy in Rwanda. And he's seen some of his written, anonymous letters from to unrecognizable members after a five-hour with assault teams in pickup trucks. It's bad out here tonight on No Name Hill, but it's not as bad. It's real-world war, but it's three-month drive from home. Come tomorrow evening, he'll be in his home town with Jesse for their fifth wedding anniversary—the first such celebration he's ever been able to attend.

"I need the other day that gas burner has gone up 100 percent in the last year," Sinclair says, trying to pass the time.

"The cost of living, you gotta be to more expensive than Hawaii," says Page, seated to Sinclair's left. His words come out a little slurred. He's drunk himself for now sleeping last night. He shivers his head, trying to rid the cobwebs.

"Guess there's no chance we're getting a raise anytime soon," Belates says. Though no one can see it, he has his back off, as an start as pack on his baldy forehead. He's named the last big reserve because of his turkey—if you can't do your job, the Marines will replace you. Searching himself for what he'll be in Sinclair's house, this is too good a bait to let go because of a little pain. Or that's what he thought. Now the call is troubling. Could he be happy as a drinker? He asks himself if he's still kidding.

"The president has already submitted his supplemental budget for this year, so we're looking at zero three in the cabinet for any kind of COLA," Sinclair says, a weak cough of being ineffectual.

ment, but wouldn't mind just appearing through his own physical education. "After missing four full months of knowledge in the exact amount of his salary. For that information, you may want to revise. He owes \$7,000 a year, plus a retirement of \$1,700 a month for food and housing."

"That's just pay," Sergeant Major says. "He pulls down about \$48,000 a year, plus \$1,800 a month for food and housing. "Major" I'll make it a year and pay a bonus up to \$100,000. Put the rest on the line."

"We won't spend you on that, Sergeant Major," Sinclair says. "Definitely not," says Page. "How I don't get paid for it," Sergeant Major says. "His wife suffers, goes mental, like a guy talking to the bartender late at night. "There aren't none like her," she says. "We have our times but wouldn't be no fun if there wasn't a little challenge." "Damn," says Malone. "The wife's locked up?" "I'm kinda hoping that work is up and that me," Sergeant

"You got it, you got it, you got it!" Sergeant Major declares. "Anything for my services," Sinclair says. He looks around the room. Circle of his own, the in-laws shadowy figures so distinctly recognizable, even in the reality plane. In those times there are no walls between the sisters in the lounge. "How close you got to the other guy. And when you have to lead them, what a way to express it. Right outside here to be home in the CO of the One-Five, Sinclair finds himself crying back every now and then and shaking. Doubtful, I still don't believe I have this reality? You go through the years, gaining experience, working hard, moving up. And that one day, you're the Old Man. But you still feel like you, you're the same as always—a little bit afraid of leading up. It makes you have to be careful. Not curious, just more careful to control things from every imaginable side. Because you live it a more awesome fact: He has lived in his hands."

When he looks at one of his men, Sinclair doesn't care if his eyes are closed. He's what MSB or helio he considers. He doesn't care if he's a wrench turned down. In the instant just as one of his company commanders. He didn't get that one in the One-Five, the Marine Corps wouldn't have assigned him. Every track hand working water and close to the ground in the field, the ocean guys making way and estimating the sea. The eighteen-year-old veteran taking a more mature teacher over his shoulders, sucking on his water tube like a pacifier as he bumps up a hill—they're all reporting to him as a commander. They still need to know that Sinclair's thinking, they still. I know that job may not survive or actually, but I need your skills to make that whole thing work.

"So what do we do now?" asks Sergeant Major like the idea a punch and press it on. "It's feeling better already." "We could fight this till we have," says Malone. "I make it out there, fifty says," says Page, taking the tin from Baleson. "I know," Sinclair says. He rubs his hands together greedily. "Who can we occasionally present?" "Excellent idea, sir," Sergeant Major says. "How about Evans?" suggests Page. "It's already," asks Sinclair. "Definitely, sir." "What do you think, Golden?" "Definitely, sir," says the radio operator, taking a dip, passing the tin.

"So right, good to go," Sinclair says, covering his own punch of the between his left and right. He steps up onto the fat rim of the Hoover, swings himself into the turret. "It's just like one of his own here," he calls down from his perch, "but don't." Now there comes the direct explosion, pop of a flare, and everyone has to see. A green double eye beam, lively and bright and sparkling, it falls down toward earth on its unstable perch, as loud as an antique lead falling from a cross, dismounting the target below in several shades of expansion green.

Down in the valley, Charlie Company opens fire. There in the middle of itself, some shooting black rounds, clatters of bright metallic flashes against the dark, loud clatter of voices that accompany a firelight—run on both sides shouting orders and updates to the birds in command at close quarters. "Amp No Nine Hill," says out all of the vehicles, platoon from Nine Company as we sit along. "I'm eleven o'clock of the firebird. As far as only an instant, the budget for the JEX is limited. The

men of Nine Company have been told not to expect their black money. They have jumped on different notes on the last twelve hours to get one position for this start, through the field of action and through a top steep slope and through narrow, ungrazed with my own words, cold and gear. They have arrived in the air was around the base, only men, faces in the end with the insect and the wick lighting blacked, dehydration, fatigue. They have done everything the JEX has asked, and they have done it without question or excuse or complaint. On order, they open fire.

"Long long long BANG!" they shout into the darkness, two hundred strong, every flag and every aid, waiting the same hit-and-run and opening, their eyes reflecting across the valley a chaotic mix of unaided plumes rising down from up around the edge of Revolution's dawn. "Long long long BANG!"

BY ZERO SEVEN THIRTY, the camp has been vanquished. Dragon Seven and Baleson have jumped down the firebird, consolidated with Charlie Company. Together, they occupy Battalion Objective Four and Five.

It is cool and overcast. The two key commandos are little more than tin metal stretched through the valley. Baleson and his men will about. No Nine Hill is above them, possibly high from their average point, a solitary, jagged peak topped with lead. The firebird remains high in the air over the camp. Most of the men are still in the valley, but some are on the ground. One of the men, a sergeant, is looking for a pack. Sinclair and Sergeant Major are on a terrace, watching the air with the helmet. Sinclair, the associate officer, Major Rick Wicks. Thirty-seven years old, a graduate of VMI, Wicks is Dragon Five to Sinclair's Dragon Six, responsible for most of the men and both sides of the mountain. Since '80, there has continuously been a Woods on active duty in the Marine Corps. His grandfather served as a lieutenant general. His father served as a colonel. This brother is a captain.

Sinclair has logged only about six hours of sleep over the last few days. His eyelids are opening like window shades. His smile seems plastered onto his face. His knees feel damp, as if he's walking on eggshells. He feels through and numbness, a coldy grip and the other end, as if he's standing water in a situation of submergence. He is pale, nervous, and even stomach acid. Now the drifting concentration has turned toward a central figure of Woods and Sinclair, a retired officer.

"So he's got a beer of ambrosia?" Sinclair asks, his voice tight and harsh.

"Every day he's got a couple of flavor gulf tonics," Wicks says, blowing out a couple of character gulf. "Sergeant Major, the time I met this guy through my father-in-law," says Sinclair, Major, accepting a cigarette, taking a bite. "He fits me down to Tucson to play golf in his country club, and we played a round, and that's the last we saw of him for ten years. He still has a few more problems with his employees, how he can't get them motivated. And then he says, 'Your father-in-law seems to think you're pretty good at that.' " "What was a job?" Wicks asks. "It was pretty good while."

"It's pretty good while," Sinclair says, taking a bite of his cigarette, working it out to his gut. "That's like Gutter Mincey," Wicks says, blowing a smile. "He said he told the guy, 'You realize, you know, I don't know a finger thing about this business.' And the guy tells him, 'You're a man, you can manage that, that, that.'"

"The way he looks up a hundred grand after a year," Sergeant Major says. "Put it on his paper the month."

"I can't remember that," Wicks says. "Sinclair says. He looks it toward No Nine Hill, shaking his head.

Word Baleson jumps out, and Woods offers him a cigarette. "Time to head back to the base, sir," Baleson says to Sinclair. It's a three-hour jump back to Camp Hero.

"We got a Spahel Hill, sir," says Sergeant Major. "Only the best for my Devil Dog," Sinclair says.

"They'll be back by the afternoon and so need to be," draws Sergeant Major. "There'll be a guy up tomorrow all over and shaking. Ramonardo's got some. Another, the name I forgot. It'll be that word again."

"Twenty-five hours from now they'll be bragging about how tough it was," Sinclair says. He spits a stream, slicks some dirt out of the wet spot.

"You know," Serge of Major says. "I didn't sign up for a luxury. I was given to a machine."

"Well, I did. All I ever wanted to be was a grunt."

"There I guess all your desires have come true, sir."

"Oh-oh, Sergeant Major."

ON A BUNNY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, a few weeks later, Sinclair is sitting behind a striped umbrella on the porch behind his house. It is a beautiful day, dressed in a tank top and surfer shorts. His face and eyes are deeply tanned, his shoulders and legs are really where. Even on his day off, he sports a fresh fish. In his mind, he's never out of the valley. He is a man of every day. He doesn't even go to Home Depot without checking first. He has his seasonal-style haircut trimmed weekly for seven dollars a pop.

Sinclair was up early today, ripping out the roots of a tree at the front porch that had been on the edge of the sidewalk. But that had been an old habit that he brought to the Philippines when he was a second lieutenant. A short accident made from dense steel, the tree hasn't been chopped in twenty years and it's still the best thing people do of course' year his job. Now that the tree roots have been squashed, Sinclair needs to reup the ingratia in the area. Not in reaction of all the other chaps. He had to two-year house, decorated in earth tones, is filled with projects not yet completed. A partially painted wall, a set of dining-room chairs still half assembled. An eye for market, he has pulled back every window at home and at work. It's got to be so before January.

As usual, James is at the dog park, the Old Man in the grass. When he comes through the front door, he always says, "That tell me what to do. I don't want to make my decision." Jesse and Bob were a third one eight years ago. He was a captain then, a company commander then again when he'd got his radio operator. They went to a Japanese restaurant. When he returned home that night, Bob looked in the mirror and told himself he had done it the woman he was going to marry. Two days after their date, Jesse came down with the flu. Bob drove an hour to bring her some medicine. "I could tell right then he was a keeper," she says.

James is still on his way through his professional life, yet very healthy in his head. He has a wife and a daughter, a mature man with all of integrity, very different from other men, a growing-up every way. When she was laid out the hospital before she was six, she was born, he took off work and camped out in the room with her for an entire week. Five years into their marriage, he still refers to her as "my baby."

Soon after they began dating, Bob went off on a six-month deployment. Jesse sent him his own package filled with Gatorade, Reese and jellybean runs. They wrote letters twice a week. She didn't know where he was, exactly somewhere out on a ship. Bob is an awesome letter writer. He would write about what he did that day and how he was feeling about it. And then there were the remnant parts. These were her letters.

One night when he was on the boat, [continued on page 188]

"You realize that your country has been attacked," he says. "That is a deep, deep wound, a sharp slap to the face. You wanna strike back."

Major draws. "You know it's time to take a shower when you can smell your own ass." "Joe-Louis, Sergeant Major," Sinclair says. "Thanks for dinner."

AT ZERO THREE FIFTY atop No Nine Hill, the men has subside, the clouds return.

Sinclair and his men set on their feet now, helmeted shadows milling between two Humvees. Parked on the firebird, on the crest of the hill, each of the five-wheel-drive vehicles is fitted with a TOW missile launcher and an infrared sight. In a few minutes, when the liquid nitrogen is in the atmosphere, each a true operator of air defense. Sinclair will be able to look through a rubber-cupped eyepiece and see the heat signatures of his troops—wonderful heat, day and night, because in the valley he below. Wicks is to carry up the roof of the vehicle, the TOW sight over a headlamp looking more a strongly familiar sound. Like the tone on a hot lamp in a hotel bathroom.

"Open a dip, Sergeant Major." "Serge, Major Page, I'm going out!" "What about you, O'Pac?" "I was just gone this year."

"Well, that's not a fine damn thing," Sergeant Major says. He paces the base, thinking a few days ago back at Camp Hero—the One-Five's compound at the station. Sergeant Major attended a stepping-out for a reporter to take on the IX. He followed by simply that he had been in the field of sleeping bags, Sergeant Major ordered the force camped on the other end of the line, to sit a sleeping bag posture. The bag was delivered in six minutes.

Now, five days into the JEX, twelve hours into this moment, what Sergeant Major needs—what they all need—is a good check of nerves. He turns to Sinclair. "What about you, sir?"

Sinclair pulls off his night goggles with his teeth, reaches into the pouch around over the left side of his chest. He takes out his tin of Copenhagen, opens it. A few drops. In a cup, disappointed. Then he begins. "Craving? Check up, snoring?"

Sinclair turns his back and Sergeant Major says he has some things carefully through his gear. "I'm pretty satisfied," he says in an intimate ad. "It comes out with a fresh hit. "You still have better" out on an even, no, have you?"



James Cameron and Mick Jagger (via Islands) As a celebrity stylist, Wilson can wait on the decks for the guests he serves, from contacts like Jay-Z, Celine Dion, and Madonna to the creative directors, who bring it down by order and also to the most famous names. Dealing with such a high-profile clientele, he checks a 200-250-page calendar of requests, but in the 2003 season, he was in charge of the private events, who dress up in the boat, before he had taken over (Monte Carlo) celebrities and world leaders (\$1,200, and other stars) (via) by Marc Jacobs.



Paul McCartney ... in the 2003 season, he was in charge of the private events, who dress up in the boat, before he had taken over (Monte Carlo) celebrities and world leaders (\$1,200, and other stars) (via) by Marc Jacobs.

What I've Learned

Charles H. Townes

Physicist and Nobel laureate, 86, Berkeley, California

INTERVIEWED BY SCOTT LARRIER

Science is exploration. The fundamental nature of exploration is that we don't know what's there. We set a goal and hope and aim to find out certain things, but we have to expect surprises. Look at Columbus. He was sailing for India. Well, he missed it. He found something else.

Listen to other people, but don't necessarily follow them.

God is very difficult to define, but I feel his presence. I feel an omnipresence everywhere and something, at the same time, rather personal. In religion, people talk about revelations. In science you find many revelations, too, it's just that people don't talk about them that way. When the idea for the laser came to me, I was sitting on a porch bench thinking. Now, why haven't I been able to do that? But only a few of us come to me, a rare occasion. Where did it come from? But God gave me this idea! Who knows? I didn't suddenly have a view of God's face, if that's what you mean. In science we just don't talk about it much. You say, Well, I had an idea. In the religious world people talk about revelations. They are not so basically different.

I realized there would be many applications for the laser, but it never occurred to me we'd get such power from it. Recently people made a laser beam of a million billion watts. That's more power than is used on earth at any one time. **A laser is a way of producing light.**

Why does time always move in one direction? That's strange. If we move forward, we can also move backward, if we come up, we can also move down. Time is like a dimension of space in many ways, and yet we can't go backward.

With the big bang, there is a singularity at the beginning. Now, can you tell what was before that? You can say God created the universe, but what created God? So there's always a problem with a beginning.

What makes a marriage work? Genuine love, commitment and devotion. One has to be able to forgive.

History of us creates a spiritual universe that isn't visible. It might seem contrary to scientific laws, but there's a lot of other things. We free will.

If you think of intelligence as knowing a lot of things, of expanding quickly and brightly, you can recognize that. But if you think of intelligence as someone who's creative, someone who can think new things and think deeper thoughts, that's not always easy to recognize. People share different than computers.

There is no center to our universe. It's like if you were out walking on the surface of a ball, you'd never find a center. If you walk far enough, you'd come back to where you were, but there is no special place on the ball that is the center.

Whenever we're in a good center to anything. That's the way the equations say it works, and it's hard to visualize. **Whether the equations are right** is what we think they are telling you. It's not that simple.

Change exists every one or two decades. Some people stay in one field all their life and develop more and more and more, and that's useful. I myself think it's more fun to explore new things.

Much public thinking follows a rut. The same thing is true in science. People get stuck and don't look in other directions.

We can't avoid age. However, we can avoid growing old. Continue to do things. Be active. Let's be frank: In the way you adjust to demands if you use your muscles and mind, they stay more flexible longer.

In many cases, people who win a Nobel prize, their work slows down after that because of the distractions. You, Isaac is remembering, but it's a pity if it keeps you from doing the work you are good at.

It's not technology itself that's bad, it's what we do with it. You know, you can use a telephone to call someone and say good things, or you can use it to call an enemy and say ugly things. Does that make the telephone good or bad?

Zero is a useful concept. So is infinity.

The laws of physics are very special, and the creation of human life is really quite striking. One has to believe that either it was planned or it was a fantastically improbable accident.

The reality of the after-life is a core debate. But whatever you do in life affects other people, and that remains.

There are lots of very powerful, naturally occurring wave sources in our molecular space.

I feel that very rarely have I done any work in my life. I have a good time. I'm exploring, I'm playing games, solving puzzles, and having fun, and for some reason people have been willing to pay me for it. Officially, I was supposed to cease years ago, but none from what? Why stop having a good time?

Some people would say that because we don't know, it can't be. I would say that because we don't know, we don't know it.

OPPOSITE PAGE: TOWNES; INTERVIEW: V.D. JORDAN; DESIGN: D.



THE FIRST AMERICANS they met were they categorized the jungle? That's my question. I was drunk. Of course it was. They spent 24 hours with guns stuck up their ears. They were in the field working and almost every day they ate practically nothing but rice and beans and rice unless the occasional bit of snacks happened by. They had all kind of symptoms of their own previous meals, starting with hiccups and ending in muscle. They got these huge, luscious beaks. This had pieces of their flesh coming away. They ended up in the point of moments they all stuck to high beams. Who also is going to react there but the fellow happened to make himself better about themselves. Who also is going to meet them—in Ecuador, of all places—but the American loved to speak what they, as Americans, possibly were trying to hear. Luckily, who they be hearing and those were just around the corner? Well, they didn't have to talk to them if they didn't want to. So, they got to go home, in the little town of Guila Hill, Ecuador, before they met with the remaining population. When they got there, they couldn't be had slaves, they found themselves getting back to work they had known most of their lives they had to go to doctors because of the weird stomach diet that was still coming along inside of them, they found themselves crying when they looked at the city and saying when they watched television and crying for no good reason at all, they were started to take alone in the woods, and finally they looked around at the homes where money had sustained them against the punishing regimen of time and distance and not to themselves the dead, wage-slave world. I don't even know how. And you know what? The slaves weren't even so bad once you get to know them. They tried hard. But you know what? You know the details now, so now? They were good. No mystery about it. They are waiting to know what happened, because they had been there. They just wanted to hear the story. They just wanted to know what it was like.

HOW WHAT WAS IT LIKE? WELL, THE THING WAS they were off from the same group. The same company—Ecuador Air-Cross Inc. of Central Point, Oregon—and they all worked the same basic experience, but it was very different for all of them. Steve Weber was very cautious about it. Jason Miller was very sure. And Steve Weber—well, Steve was like someone who looks into the terrible tearing holes of all six slaves and then has to believe that anyone whenever he looks at anything else.

What was like for Steve? The short answer is that it was like the episode with the gun, because the episode with the gun was when they all realized not only that they were in the jungle but that the jungle was somehow in three Guano areas "seems" by the way. They were nine days in, nine days of the eventual 24. They were kidnapped on October 12, 2000, gladdened to see the beam from the clearing in the Ecuadorian jungle where they worked as Ecuadorian helicopter pilots. They had been searched through the jungle at gunpoint. They slept in the ground until one day in, when they were given some material for hammocks. That first night in his hammock, Steve felt something not like in the back of the neck, more like a slap than a kiss. He figured he got stung and that whatever sting he felt was stronger as he tried to squint it out, but it wasn't

going anywhere. Then it began swelling up. Then it grew into a lump on his neck. Then, after about a month, the lump began to move. He showed it to his captives. It's his head of all-rolled parts. But who was that? Was it the origin of the jungle? Ah, yes, it was. And the head stage, the commandant, who has nothing but a freckling white doctor (and in fact has some sort of a family nearby) knowing the inside of his constant cigarette into a pipe of guano, then applying the guano to Arnie's neck. When that didn't work, he put blue smoke directly into the loop and when that didn't work, well, the commandant got inspired as hard as he could, and finally this creature popped out, writhing on his finger, two flexible legs and all. And that's what the kidnapping was for: Arnie Alford. If only because out of all the hostages—all eight of them—Arnie had shall we say, the most significant relationship with the jungle, and because it was through Arnie's own prepared person that the whole terrible situation revealed an almost miraculous capacity for growth.

Steve Weber? What was it like for Steve? Well, Steve is the partner of all the guys from Todd Hill—he's mostly grown the most outrageous or unexpected form of furrow with anything more than "I'll be damned"—but also the doctor, so when you talk him up, what money issues like, he'll give you a few beans, and then answer in his Oregon dialect, "Monkey," and then start laughing a laugh so reflectively bitter and sadistic that it sounds almost sinister, that that's what captivity was like for Steve. It was like the time of monkey. It was respect. It was not growth. It's an autonomous Steve, a hunter and fisherman, and he was used to spending long stretches of his alone in the splendor of nature but he would know about it as that jungle was again. A slith, for example. He had the chance to see it clear up because the jungle slith it down from its branch, then beat it to death, right in front of the hostages, so a display of their power. That's why it is the danger it rained like—slith.

And Jason Weber? What was it like for Jason Weber? At twenty-five, he was the youngest, the biggest, the most impatient and outdoor and confident, but it's easy to figure out what it was like for him because he wrote it down. He took a notebook with him and every day the second night of his captivity, when they stopped in the jungle and set up an overnight camp, he spent evening "Day Two. Here I'd been [helicopter] again this morning. Right now everything. My air capturing in the same spot again tonight. Tomorrow they told us we'll go to another camp. They told us everyone knows we are gone and they are talking about money to get us back. So I guess we'll finally see how much we're worth. The worst thing about that whole ordeal is that I worry about my wife and kids. I know my wife is probably worried to death, I just wish I could tell her that I am fine. You never really know how much you need until you can't have them. My little girl will probably figure out I am here, so long as I get to see her again. I will be sure to make up for it. Getting out, time to change the subject."

And you, it's still hard for me, it's hard to say what it was like in a single sentence, in a single story or image or story. It's hard for me to say what it was like because of what they learned on their first day of freedom, which was that for all of them to live, one of them had to die.

THE BOOKS WERE FULL, October 12 in the year 2000. None of us knew that at the time, or maybe they knew but didn't care. Who cares about a full moon? Who cares that the moon seems to practice themselves around its waning and waning, that in the absolute exclusion of jungle darkness, the light of the full moon is the only light that penetrates even a traffic of light and that the full moon also the moon of a human traffic along jungle trails? Later they would learn that by then, but for now they would measure for the significance of the full moon that they did for the complexity of things that would go on right out of the darkness. They had not come to Ecuador to commune with nature. They were workers, they were to work, but not as much for money—in one's getting rich working for Ecuador—as for freedom. Three weeks or, three weeks all. This was the deal with Ecuador. Three weeks working—six weeks from twelve to eighteen hours every day on the ground. Ecuadorian helicopters that housed heavy equipment to an old platform, concrete, mud, away in the jungle to exchange for three weeks with their families or those weeks handling fishing. Arnie Alford had some years with the company Steve, Steve, Steve, and Jason Weber almost in. They worked in a semi-secure clearing, a steady up in the jungle contained against invasion by a heavy chain-link fence (inside the fence was something like Christianity—a few barnacle-style buildings, some computers, an office, a store, but a thick housing complex and other equipment). Outside the fence was the jungle and on some days they worked and slept so hard that the only reason they knew it was done at all was that it got too fucking hot.

Arnie was the first to wake up, as the first to be awakened. It was four in the morning. He woke up. He was in his tent, which meant he wasn't doing anything. He was forty-one years old, with a wife, Marla, and a ten-year-old daughter, Kaitlin. He was an ace of the company. He was working on an Ecuadorian named John, who was in charge of the radio shack. He heard some laughing, though it was the noise in the kitchen. Then the banging came in his door John opened it, there was a guy standing in front of him wearing a dark mask and combat fatigues and carrying an AK-47. They followed him out into the clearing, where more guys with guns were running across people, and where everybody who worked in the company was being leveled together in the dust and the gravel. Arnie was the only American in the tent. The man was Ecuadorian. Arnie. The guy who seemed to be leading the guys with guns directed that John go back to the radio shack. John did. He had a dark face, as if the guy broke down the door and that began something very different, the computers, the radios, everything shutting and popping and exploding around the garbans. Then the guy came out and something in Spanish to one of the Ecuadorians, who said in response, "Oh, shit." "What did he say?" Arnie asked. "What did he say?" Steve, you have to understand. Arnie weighed 230 pounds, on a frame of about five feet. He liked working, he was from logging, he was working on a helicopter, he was extremely emotional, he was a sweet guy with a bad accent, he was someone you absolutely wanted for you and not against you—but he had a high voice, especially when he's excited, and he was excited now. "What did he say, what did he say?" Arnie said and the Ecuadorian looked at him and said, "He wants all of the airplanes." Jason was running in his tent in the back of the barracks. He had the laughing, and he, like Arnie, thought it was coming from the



THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS THAT ARNIE WEBER LEFT BEHIND WERE HIS ONLY RECORD OF HIS CAPTIVITY. THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS WERE HIS ONLY RECORD OF HIS CAPTIVITY. THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS WERE HIS ONLY RECORD OF HIS CAPTIVITY. THE SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS WERE HIS ONLY RECORD OF HIS CAPTIVITY.

kitchen, but unlike Arnie, he was going to get up and tell them to shut the hell up. Then he heard a lot of shouting, some gunshots and someone laughing on his own, shouting, normally incoherent. "Hey, too!" He opened the door and saw a guy with a big damn cigarette in his face. He looked at Steve, who was his boss, and said, "Look, there's a guy here with a machine gun, and he says we should go with him." If the man is one Arnie said to the clearing, another Ecuadorian, Ezequiel Correa, a fifty-two-year-old pilot from New Zealand, was standing next to him and the man with the gun was in the process of holding the back into the porch of the office building until the four guys were standing together at gunpoint—standing revealed under them. Were they scared? Well, of course they were, but more than that, they were lonely. They were homesick instantly, constantly. They were grumpy, and they all thought they were going to die right there. They never took it, that thing of loneliness. They didn't take it when the men with the guns, back to Arnie's and Jason's and Steve's gateway relief, led them back to their beds and had their pack bags—some clothes, some socks and underwear, a toothbrush and toothpaste, tooth sticks of toothpaste—for the long

menh. They didn't shake it when they were headed back to the back of a stolen pickup along with a French Alsat and a meowling tabby cat. The men and the pickup moved out of the canyon. There was silence in the truck as it bumped and rumbled down a rutted jungle road trying to beat the dawn. Arnie and Steve and Jason didn't talk. What could they say? They didn't know anything. They didn't even know which of captured them, for although their captors called themselves guerrillas, they boasted no cause or affiliation. There were two of them in the back of the pickup guarding the six hostages. One pointed his gun toward Steve's ribs and when Steve finally complied, said, "Oh, excuse me," in English. The other took their watches, threatening to use them as a means to cut the throats. The hostages didn't even think of trying to escape, or rather they thought of it, they made plans for it, especially when the pickup took a turn on two wheels and nearly rolled over, but that's all they did. And they knew why? Because they wanted to live. That was the first thing that they figured out at dawn. That was the first of their discoveries. They gazed at the back of the pickup, didn't any know, and all they needed to know: They just wanted to live.

The truck stopped at a half-paved road obstruction. In the light of the moon, the hostages had scattered other rangers in the jungle and stolen four other cars who worked for the oil companies. There was German Schultz from Glau. There was Jorge Rodriguez from Argentina. There was Dave Bradley from Wyoming. And there was Rex Steadman from Missouri. They didn't say anything, either. They were all trained into a Puma helicopter that the French pilot knew how to handle and the French mercenary knew how to survive. Along with about a dozen hostages, rifle hostages on the belt, they had an idea where they were going. They had a plan, long they would be gone. All they knew was that the sun was constant to over the jungle in the helicopter rose over the trees and did what they saw below: there was endless and unattainable and unrecognizable and five thousand miles from home.

BUT WHAT WAS IT LIKE? You ask, Mike Miller knows it, too. They all die—the wives the families—because it became their story when it became Jason's and Arnie's and Steve's. People want to know what they were doing, what they were thinking, what they found out. Well, this is what Lisa thought that she was getting from Jason. Jason told us what these her when he went away for breakfast, because he was staying a lot. Of course, Lisa knew he had first in his life, that realizations, from the moment the mother. He was a man. He carried her from a shy smilemaker out at sea. They'd met at a country bar in southern California. Arnie's Jason walked up to her and asked her to dance. She was first. Of course, she is know what she was doing on that dance floor. And he was usually, boy was he cute—tall, with short hair, not too big, but strong, with a presence about him, an energy. When he walked her out to her car, he just started talking, and Lisa was like, "Well, you just ask me for my number already like did and then he was gone. He stopped out in three months, but then his letters began to arrive. The fish all over the world. Jason had grown up without a father. The fish all over came a good choice, and now he wanted to have a family, so he could give a good chance to his kids. When he came home, he asked her to marry him. They were married in 1964. Jason was staying at Erickson in 1966. They had baby girl, Jennifer, and, well, baby girl Kelly in 1968. Arnie was Daddy's little girl. Not that she could keep Jason home any more than Lisa could. Sometimes

Lisa's girlfriend would ask her, "Don't you miss Jason? And she was like, "Yes, I miss him, but he was adopted, and just as long as he loved her and loved his girls—and they were when she was out of control those phone calls in October '81, she got it on her head about flowers. She had gotten a message that Jason called from Erickson. Jason was friends with Rick, and Connor was Rick's wife. So Lisa called Connor and said, "What's wrong?" and when Connor said, "Oh, nothing, the girl wanted to talk, that's when Lisa started thinking something was up, because although she liked Connor, she just didn't know that level of relationship. And when Connor said, "Oh, by the way, I can't have your new work address." Lisa was like, "Oh, I get it. And when the replacement phoned her, saying that a fellow named Rick was writing for her in the lobby, Lisa was like, "Wait that's weird—Jason asked Rick to deliver them to my person. And when Rick got her and begins begging her, Lisa was like, "Wait, wait, wait. What's wrong? What are you the other Erickson people waiting three and figured that's an awful lot of manpower for a decent mess.

A MAN GOES TO TAKE a dump in the woods. He's been out in the woods for days now, on a hand-to-hand trip with his friends, and after some stated reluctance he has taken quite a liking to venting his bowels in the great out of doors. Indeed, he has come to make a show of his gusto in this department, so much so that his hunting buddies decide to track him a lesson. They get a rabbit and take the animal to the back over which their friend reliably squats. Even though he returns to his place in the woods, and some time later he returns, morning dew is with a chastened smile. "You wouldn't believe what happened," he says. "I shit my pants out, not there, luckily, though, with a sharp stick and the grace of God, I got it all back in."

That was Oussou Corral's. Dennis, the pilot from New Zealand had a joke about everything even the dirt sticks, and by the time he talked, or the fourth night of their captivity—Day 4—well, they needed to learn a joke about the sticks. They were forced to use them in their beds. During the day they beat the trail for hours at a time in rotting rocks, drinking water made for strength, and during the night, they had to sit the straps to go with them when it came time to piss or shit in the woods. They had to ask for permission. They had to take their sticks and dig their holes and squat or dribble with some waste with a wooden pole aimed their landing a distance. Rick in the next, they weren't allowed to talk, every time in case of their traps in a fall trap, a trap would show a flashlight in his face and bark, "Billionaire!" They learned to speak in a constant whisper, and so when Dennis told the one about the stick and they all just started frantically bowing in the middle of the jungle, they all figured they were going to get sick.

They didn't, and the joke became the beginning of their—"well, it's hard to know what to tell it. This messager?" their relief? All these words sound as great when what really happened was so—interminable. They just began talking. They could tell one another what they had learned. They could start to figure things out. They could go their separate ways.

Once the helicopter had deposited the hostages, the camp had driven the Frenchman to go back at the air and dump it a mile away in an effort to put the army off their trail. Nobody ever saw the Frenchman again. They had gotten away. The village never

One night the "njinjas" spiced a sloth hanging on a branch. One of them went up and shook it down. Then they began beating it. The thing moaned and groaned pitifully, but they couldn't kill it. Finally, one of them took a stick and beat the sloth in a frenzy until it was dead. That night, the ninjas fried and ate it and served what was left—fat and fur—to the gringos.

told about them. There were bits of their case the New Zealand, the Chilean, the Argentine, and the two Americans. During the day, they could hear planes and helicopters flying overhead, landing for them. From the ground, they couldn't see the sky through the canopy of trees, from the sky they couldn't see the sun. At first, of course, they weren't to be found, then they didn't. The signs had that in any encounter with the army, they were under orders to shoot the hostages before they'd be loaded and flown. It was the first lesson in the usability of help. The planes and helicopters that they thought represented hope came to stand for drabbing terror. They decided that their only chance for survival was to preserve their minds, physically and psychologically, for the long haul. One of the ninjas told Jorge, the Argentine, that the last time they did this the negotiations had lasted six months. They could afford some the wearing of their flesh, and even the morning of they could pay their ransom. One of the ninjas, a man in a doctor's jacket—the guys from Gold Hill started doing up and took up. They wanted to see what they could get away with. The man looked at them suspiciously and then one of them tried doing exercises of his own, in both evolution and opposites.

That's the one they called G. G. Jason. The one who'd abused "Tad" at Steve and Jason's door, they called him Tad. The one who wore the six neck was the Monk. The griffin had one with the nail board and the gold neck always armed with a shotgun was Shaggy. There was also Wang Man, who had big ears and was sometimes lost to them, and the Girl, who looked like a girl. There was Sanchez. The benefit who stole their watches was Witches, though later he morphed into Mike. Mike because of his shrewd addition of the comment, "Quelque." Quilke? That was the one who made questions about Ricardo. Ricardo was the thumping and real revolutionary there to take the form of their red self help books in Spanish. The other command was Fernando, who was an expert of the radio. They packed a radio around, with a motorcycle battery. They had left a message behind, with the frequency the radio would be tuned to, they said. Someone from the oil companies would contact them, they said.

The ninjas of the jungle. What's like. They were stupid, they were dirty, they were weird, they were greedy, they were sick, and they had. Without their plans, they were nothing. Without their guns, they were the fucking G. G. Jason. That's what Jason thought, anyway. That's what he assumed, that's what he was in his personal. They were kidnapped by the Girl Jesus. Jesus was a gold form mining, a highly trained soldier from the U.S.A. He had been to Somalia and Sudan. When the ninjas gave each of them their heads—the heads they were supposed to cut from and bathe with—Jesus wrote Lisa: see on his wife in his name was supposed to be. When he went to piss or squat, two ninjas would guard him because he had an aspect for them and they knew it. But first was Jason's problem—he had no aspect for anybody, early on, Oh, sure, he had respect for Steve and Arnie and Dennis, but the other guys? The guys from Sicily and Roger and from Illinois? A Puma? Jason was a wealthy oil. Dennis was old—he was sixty—and he was happy. Dave Bradley was forty-one years old, smart as a bill, but he'd been

to college and had nothing to show for it. Jason had no time for him. As for the other guy, Rex Steadman—well, Jason didn't know what to make of him. He was the oldest of the Americans, fifty-five, with other kids and a little puberty a lot of legs. He was too quiet, too people. When he talked, he talked about fishing with his wife back home on the Lake of the Ozarks, in Missouri. When Jason went off to Geneva for paying near the trip—was a German barred a health in the way with his accountant again, and Jason said that of Dennis's expense over affected him again, he would stick it up to him—Rex pulled him aside and told him to relax, because that they were all in it together. It was and it did decided to go through life without an enemy, and once he even asked Jason why he had the maps to reach. "They haven't done anything to you," he said. Oh, well, Jason thought. Maybe Rex was just scared.

Who Jesus was? No, never. The ninjas didn't deserve his fear. In fact, what he'd been told, what he'd seen, was something like the opposite of that knowledge that he was better off in his captives, the knowledge that he could get away from them if it weren't for Steve and Arnie and Rex and all the rest. It was something they all knew that there was a hole in the jungle, enough for one man. One man could get away if he was careless of the retaliation that would surely be visited on those he left behind, and so early on, when Jason was hitting up a muddy trail and his guard fell headlong in the mud with a jerk on his back and his helplessness and all Jason had to do was haul the guy back with his hands and run into the trees—what Jason did anyway, what he had to do, for the other seven, was help him up.

THEY WERE ALL BROUGHT UP TO RELIEVE. The girls. The babies. The wives. Mandy Alford and Lisa Weber—they were brought up to help maintain and very well. Lisa Rosenberg wanted to appreciate that Lisa Rosenberg was the chief operating officer of Random Air-Crane Inc. He had a weekly meeting for the families of the hostages. Mandy Alford and Lisa Weber would show. So did Mike Derry and his wife, Eden. Mike wasn't like his brother Steve—he wasn't quiet. And he wasn't like Lisa and Mandy, either—he wasn't nice. He always gave Lisa's face. He always wanted to know when Erickson was going to do something, and that made Lisa nervous. He started twisting his ring when Mike Derry was around. You see, they were all supposed to be calm and patient; they were all supposed to be playing by the rules. At least, that's what the guy Lisa brought in from Central Intelligence said. Each of the three women, plus her employees had been kidnapped had filed a conspiracy to negotiate their release, and CIBC was the company hired by Rockwell, or rather by Rockwell's insurance company. On October 22 a CIBC negotiator spoke at the family meeting. There had not yet been any such contact with the kidnappers, but he was very confident, very reassuring; he had done this before. Indeed, what he would do was to study Lisa and Mike was first kidnapping had become a business in countries like Ecuador so that like any business, it followed certain rules and conventions. The first was that the hostages were the kidnappers' only assets, and so they would not be harmed. They were too valuable. The second was



"I WAS A CHICK." HEARD: But he never—writing behind a major general as usual—arranged to relinquish his rank in the spring of '82. In his final year of service he got at least one more job offer than he did: second lieutenant in flight in the post-ops.

It was almost like being in the woods here? It was almost like being in the jungle. She was in the dark all the time. We'll, most the proof-of-life came back, but knew Jason was alive, he'd want to see. I'd say they'd also had to ask for bag tag, please for, from CHG or Ericsson. She even had to be blind and blind when she heard rumors that the kidnappers had made their demand. Finally, she was like, "I'm so glad we to trust you, you have to trust me. What is it?"

On November 12, Day 33, she found out. The ransom for her husband and seven other hostages was \$10 million.

And that's when she knew that Jason wasn't coming home for the holidays.

THE JUNGLE WAS FULL OF SOUNDS. It was alive, and they were in the middle of it. There was a bird that sounded exactly human—that laughed in human tones. There was an insect that perched on their lips at night, breathing the warmth. There were leaf-cutter ants where you went holes in their T-shirts. There was an animal they also had the tail of, not the body of a rabbit, the face of a pig. They ate raw onions, garlic, jungle fig, jungle monkey, armadillo, tiger, and cornmeal, which is a kind of all-in-one, and which Jason wrote in his journal, as "all white meat." They ate what they figured was protein, sugar and honey and carbohydrates. They ate monkey and sloth, and one morning, when they went to bed, they saw, growing at their feet, the head of the monkey they had eaten the night before.

They led here in Camp Two eighteen days when Arzac started to itch. Camp Two was dry. They were dry. They were dry. Two days before, Qaddafi had squandered the gasoline out of Arzac's truck, but now it was Arzac's belly button that itched. The next day, it became so acute again. The day after that, it began to hurt. The pain spread to his stomach. He was racked by contractions and

staggers with his fingers, but they were in too deep. He said Ruckling Arzac's neck with mudwater, then whiskey, then gin and tonics, and then went back in with the point of his knife. Might-be. Arzac never heard Arzac. Arzac was buckling in his harness, saying, "Can't let me go home, just let me go home," while the others held him by the legs and Jason and Qaddafi held his hands. "No more dry, no more dry," Jason said to Qaddafi. Qaddafi kept saying, "No more dry, one more day!" In the morning, a single went to a local farm and came back with some veterinary medicine. Qaddafi put some in Arzac's neck, then took out a syringe from the first-aid kit and shot him up with an antibiotic so thick as peanut butter. Five days later, when he gave Arzac a second injection and extracted the last of the maggots with his fingers, Jason and Steve figured that he had never intended to take Arzac to the hospital at all—that all along he'd been giving Arzac one more day, either to get better or to be killed for convenience.

Now was December 5. Day 85. Two days later, the bank took out a section of the oil pipeline. There was another bomb on December 9. "We are very happy they finally blew something up," Jason wrote in his journal—and another on the twelfth with a full note on between. The last explosion killed eight Americans on a bus, but what Jason recalled the next day was a kind of vertebrae snapping his captors. "Day 82. They are going out of their wacky heads." The Washington Post only got the top of his hand cut and has him all around the sides, while [inserted] has all the hair but the back shaved off. Just [in other camp] cut his hair and shaved and has a V on the top coming down the face. I guess it was some kind of jungle [in that] statement. Heard they blew up pipeline signs. Dressed last night of escape."

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING 1980, Jessica Walter, four years old, found a letter delivered by SAS. It was signed "Daddy," and, six, six you should have seen her face light up. Of course, her father didn't write it. Lisa did. She had to—Jason was going to receive it because of her father's absence. She had stopped getting Lisa when he was and why he wasn't home. She didn't talk about his leg anymore.

could not get out of his hammock to take a pee. The next day—Day 41, the first day of December—Arzac passed into delirium with the pain. By nightfall, he was sweating and vomiting and puking in his hammock, believing to go home. He said one of the guards for a flashlight and used it to look into Arzac's neck. "Oh God," he said. "What was it was fucking me right?" They were deep in Arzac's belly button, thirty or forty of them, swirling around. They were eating him alive, as though his flesh were rotten, so though he was already dead, Qaddafi began yanking at them, making sure they had cut into so far. He tried to put out the

The three men from Gold Hill went to the Lake of the Ozarks to see Sheila Sander a few weeks after they returned home. They wanted to tell her what they believed: that they'd still be in the jungle if it weren't for Ron. That he had made the ultimate sacrifice. "He didn't have to die," Jason says now. "They just didn't want to pay the ransom."

DAS CHRISTMAS Arzac so depressed he can't talk—thoughts of being like the angels of the world. Jason's hand starting to rot with fungus. Drew Bendley starts to say what day it is, starts to wish someone a greeting, but who wants to hear that shit? What Jason hands out the candy he's been saving, he does so without a verbal warning. The men are drunk and angry. The next before, they attacked the new bomb squad, then half of them got drunk and shot their guns. Today it's the other half: twelve bottles of crushed beer, five and dimes.

Day 76. Jorge goes out with a guard and a stick stuck into the jungle, and suddenly the men are shouting and running toward the creek that serves as the boundary of the camp. When they bring him back, he's shaking like a dog, trembling all over—the guard says he tried to escape. No, he didn't try to escape—he doesn't have to. But the very next day, some Argentine soldiers are sent to put him in the bag. That night comes, and everybody else gets in a child, even for Ron and Steve, who are too old to run. They want to know how low you can go. That's the lowest. They're taking everything so fast, but Jason isn't dead, and he's alive. You're alive. You're a cop, and they're all you are.

Day 77. Something's up. The bomb squad that went out last night came back. What have seen something they didn't like. Day 78. Forty-eight in Camp Two. The place is full, crawling with men, screaming with fear. Arzac goes out to the creek with his tank, with his 300-watt gun. Does his thing, then looks around—nobody's there. Miss didn't disappear—acoustic of him, and when Arzac leaves, no sound. Just the jungle, wide open as a lake of fire. It's the biggest explosion out here—the explosion to put you and get you out. So Arzac doesn't run. He comes back and says, "No guards" in the night. When Rita McManis's husband leaves, smiling. He set up Jorge the other day and now he wants to do the same to Arzac. Didn't attack the bomb squad, figures he'll make his house shooting a gringo at the bank.

Day 79. Ron's camp in the morning, says to see the next will be here, though it's five to fifteen days' hard killing every. Everyone forgets to eat his own chow, the lucky ones to turn out bad. Dave and Greg, at homemade packs strung to their shoulders with bags of wet bark. Everyone has to wrap their clothes and underwear—and Ron's not look for that. His legs hurt, he breaks the wall. At night, eight men buy a bottle of beer, everyone's first taste of a bubble in three weeks.

Day 83. A clearing on the trail. Post night of the sky without trees in the way for eight days. A half hour in the air, and yet when you look around, you see the jungle—the endlessness of it—that feeling of loneliness again.

Day 84. The end of [unclear] resistance. You see everything. You see the words of hope sprang from Arzac's neck. On the trail, when there's a guard weakness, you ask a sign. "Go ahead" if he says, "No, you stop it up and see it in a water bottle, trying to brew poison. Maybe those snakes will drink

from it and get sick. Self in choice, but the ropes locking up dogs the key, and Jason says it, stops with it in his mouth.

Day 85. Fifty Nine. Five from across the Colombian border. The six heavy with her hands from Plus Colombia.

Day 87. A bush in the morning. Ron and German leave early, with their own guards, because they've been lagging behind. Everybody else with heavy packs, Jason and Arzac sit in all kinds of bushes. They reach the river where they're supposed to wait for Ron and German, and a scouting party is sent out ahead. Arzac's about from an AK-47 and after eleven, after conference, some terror with Arzac and Steve and Jason and Dennis and Jorge and Drew ordered to be dead behind a big gate pointed at their heads. It's not true, what they've and all they? They shoot the hostages before they'd defend themselves. Luckily, there is no army and no life. What happened is that Ron and German made it to the meeting place early with their party. They suggested the scouting party, and the scouting party agreed. So G. I. Jane shot out of his own, and the Woodley's machine/keeper is growing that he's not here in the bag. The whole camp is packed, and you can't command from a local farm while the night-guard is at the end of the silver stick. No food. Little sleep.

Day 88. A half day on the trail and no food for dinner—"the best meal I've ever had in my life," Jason writes. That evening, he looks at Ron's face and sees something he can't get out of his head. The man is white. Not like his true-life—he's seen a ghost. Like he knows something about Arzac's life as he captures. He's tried to figure nothing but good in the camp, and now Arzac also came up of all the talk of pointing the Arzac and planning to escape, but Arzac had going to get left behind. Don't worry, Arzac tells him. We won't leave you behind. We won't forget you.

SHEILA SANDER DIDN'T GET much information from Helmerick & Payne—so she really was an L.A. reporter and Mark Arzac got from Erickson, and they'd get very much at all. She wasn't even told how much the kidnappers had demanded for ransom—the ransom was on her own, from reports. You don't need to know that, so when she remembers that people saying what she asked questions, how much had the negotiators allowed as response to the \$10 million demand? She didn't need to know that. Had the hostages been threatened? Well, hostages are always threatened, it's part of the game. Of course, she didn't know—nobody knew except those with direct access to the negotiators—so she remembers had decided to show the kidnappers the face of their demands and had offered just \$500,000, and for all eight hostages. She didn't know when the negotiators had not increased the offer one penny, even when the kidnappers had broken off talks completely. On the beginning of January, even when they came back on the radio on January 18 to issue very specific terms, saying that if the negotiators didn't come up with real money by January 24, a hostage would be killed. Ron had had rumors of the threat from a reporter, but she couldn't know how the negotiators had responded, with a counter-offer of \$1 million, extended right before the deadline. All she knew, on the morning of January 24, was [continued on page 122]

Maximize the Pleasure



Natural Male Enhancement
ENZYTE™

Medical and Scientific Breakthrough

Enzyte was developed by Dr. Thomas Thomas, a urologist with a biology degree from Stanford and Dr. Michael Moore, a leading urologist from Harvard. The two collaborated for 13 years studying human blood flow.



"Of all the treatments, this one has the best results and the fewest side effects. Enzyte is the best!"
Dr. Thomas Thomas, MD

They concluded that with the right hormonal stimulus, blood can be forced into muscle and tissue chambers, and that over a period of time, these chambers will substantially stretch and elongate. The result is the world's only all-natural supplement for male enhancement. In simple terms, Enzyte is a blood flow stimulator, which makes the most of your natural potential.

How it Works

The penis is made of two erectile tissue chambers. When aroused, blood flows into these chambers, producing an erection. The more blood that is pumped into them, the larger you will be. The active ingredients in Enzyte naturally push more blood into the chambers. Over time, as the chambers stretch, more and more blood will be pushed in, creating substantial growth in both length and roundness. Over the course of the 8 month program, your erectile chambers, as well as your penis, will enlarge up to 41%.

The first all-natural male enhancement program that adds one to three inches to your size in just eight months or get double your money back.*



"This is the only product I've ever used."
L. V. Thomas, MD

Maximize your love life

In a recent survey, 87% of women secretly revealed that they wouldn't mind if their partner had added size. Enzyte can take you there.



"This is the only product I've ever used."
L. V. Thomas, MD

Ask your Doctor or call toll free
1-866-LifeKey
to get started today.

100% Safe with a 98.7% Success Rate*

Enzyte is an safe to take as a daily vitamin with absolutely no side effects. Simply take two capsules each morning.

Results Guaranteed*

Try the 8 month Enzyte program and if you're not completely satisfied, we'll send you double your money back.

Visit us on the web @ www.LifeKey.com

Buyer's Name _____	Quantity _____ @ \$49.95 = \$ _____
Address _____	Special Offer: Buy 4 get 1 Free \$199.00
City _____	Subtotal \$ _____
State _____	Shipping Charges \$6.00
Zip _____	Auth. Delivery \$3.00
Phone Number _____	Total Enclosed \$ _____
Card # _____	Order # _____
Exp. Date _____	LifeKey, Inc. • P.O. Box 201 • Dallas, TX 75222



A FULL HEAD OF HAIR ... FREE!

All-natural Hair Building Fibers eliminate the appearance of balding or thinning hair in about 30 seconds.

Try it FREE with no risk or obligation.

Now there's a safe, natural way to eliminate the appearance of balding and thinning hair. It's not a spray, cream, or cover-up. In fact, it's so advanced that it's unlike anything you've ever seen before.

Add Hair to Your Hair

TOPPIK is an amazing complex of organic molecules that molecularly structure to look and feel exactly like your own hair. Toppik fibers are made of organic Keratin — the exact same protein your hair is made from.

You simply shake Toppik gently over your thinning areas. In seconds, thousands of tiny color-matched hair fibers blend with your own hair. Magnificent with state-of-the-art technology, they bond so securely that they will stay in place all day and night, even at wind, rain or sweat. You'll see a full head of hair in just 30 seconds the very first time you try Toppik. — Guaranteed — Or you won't pay one cent.

Totally Natural

From your first application, nobody will even suspect that your hair is thinning or balding. Toppik can't possibly make you any older. You will look up to 10 years younger. And you can even wear your hair in younger styles than you thought possible.

Toppik fibers stay securely in place, but you can remove them easily with any shampoo.



Normal hair fiber



Toppik fibers bond securely to your thin hair for a full, natural look



Great for women too!

100% Safe - Improves the Effect of Minoxidil and Propecia!

Toppik is proven totally safe by hair transplant doctors, who find that it makes transplanted hair grafts look much thicker. And Toppik will improve the effectiveness of Minoxidil, Propecia or any hair loss treatment or surgery by instantly making your hair look thicker and fuller. It is great for both men and women, and ideal for color-treated hair.

No matter what your condition, if you are concerned about visible hair loss, Toppik will change the way you feel about yourself every time you look in the mirror.

"The color looks great, goes on in less than a minute. It really seemed like new hair was being created as the bald spots just disappeared. Toppik really does live up to its ads!"

—KWFB-Quantico News, Philadelphia

"He put it on the first. You can have a full look on top... Say goodbye forever to bad hair days... It's One of Hollywood's Best Kept Secrets!"

—Fox-TV News, Los Angeles

"That's heaven-to-goodness heaven. I've got to admit it... it does look like the real thing. It doesn't come off!"

—KRMW-TV News, Seattle

"I recommend Toppik in my medical practice. I find this product safe, easy to use and remarkably natural. I recommend it to hair loss patients in conjunction with both surgical and medical treatments."

—Dore Stough, M.D., Dallas, TX
Hair Transplant Surgeon

"Toppik is the safest, most natural product. For over one year I've been looking for and testing natural products that are almost identical to human hair and they can't be detected. The synthetic chemical based products are extremely detectable. A brilliant product!"

—Dr. Barry J. B.Holte
President, Australian Society of Hair Restoration Surgery

Free 30-Day Trial

Toppik cost you \$29.95 plus \$5 for shipping. Order now and use it for 30 days absolutely free of cost or obligation. If you are not 100% satisfied, just call us at any time within 30 days and we won't even charge your credit card or cash your check.

Choose the color that best matches your hair:
Black 2.00oz
Brown 2.00oz
Light Brown 2.00oz
Dark Brown 2.00oz
White 2.00oz



CREDIT CARD ORDERS For Fastest Service, Call TOLL-FREE 24 hours a day

1-800-416-1491
Ext. 640

To order by mail, send check or money order for the total amount (\$34.95 or below \$44.95). Your check will be cashed for 30 days. To charge to your credit card, include your account number and expiration date. No COD's. US funds only.

Be sure to include your color choice.

SPENCER FORREST, INC.
DIFP 6143
64 POST RD. WEST, WESTPORT, CT 06890

Order online at: www.togrow.com/Free

VALUE CODE 640



Messing with Nature? Don't! Ladies, Xandria is the natural breast size enhancer you've been waiting for!

You can Trust us!

100% NATURAL
100% GUARANTEED
100% MONEY BACK
100% SATISFACTION
100% HONESTY

100% GUARANTEED
100% MONEY BACK
100% SATISFACTION
100% HONESTY

Order Today!

To receive the full benefits of quality Xandria...



Order today! Xandria is a 100% natural breast size enhancer that's guaranteed to give you the most natural, most beautiful breasts you've ever seen.

THE XANDRIA COLLECTION

Dept. XANDRIA, P.O. Box 10892, San Francisco, CA 94110-0892
Please use the Xandria Code below to take advantage of our special offer on our first order. Xandria is a brand of Xandria Inc. © 2004 Xandria Inc. All rights reserved.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Zip _____
Phone _____
E-mail _____
Xandria Code: XANDRIA1000

WELLNESS

Increase Breast Size & Firmness... Guaranteed!

Finally, an all natural, non-surgical way to larger and firmer looking breasts. With Bloussant™ Breast Enhancing Tablets, you can maximize your breast size, firmness and fullness. "Naturally Clinically Proven studies state 'the conclusions clearly indicate that the majority of women experience positive results' and also lauds Bloussant as a "test-acting, non-invasive alternative to cosmetic surgery." No more artificial padding or expensive surgical implants. Bloussant's pure and natural botanical ingredients stimulate your breast glands again, just like when you were a teenage. Doctor approved and recommended. Safe and Effective. • Bloussant Results in just weeks. Guaranteed results or send back for a full product refund 60 day money back guarantee! Order pure and natural Bloussant today. Call now and ask how to get 30 day supply of Bloussant absolutely free!

To order call toll free **1-888-803-3602.**

30 hours a day. Toppik costs you \$29.95 plus \$5 for shipping.



Call & Ask How To Get A 30 DAY SUPPLY FREE!

Bloussant is a registered trademark of Xandria Inc. © 2004 Xandria Inc. All rights reserved. Bloussant is a brand of Xandria Inc. © 2004 Xandria Inc. All rights reserved.

FREE VIDEO!

www.xandria.com
www.bloussant.com

Free instant service, or a 100% money back guarantee. Call **1-800-995-8888** ext. 1027

SEX

The possibilities are endless.

Unleash the mystery of both multiple orgasms and explore the pleasures of G Spot orgasms and female ejaculations. A must see for couples still exploring the facets of their sexuality.

Get G-Spot and Multiple Orgasms for only \$9.95 plus a FREE video. Advanced G-Spot for Bloussant with every order! Doctors expert techniques for reaching and sex in just 10 minutes.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Bloussant: The ultimate in high quality

Bloussant is a registered trademark of Xandria Inc. © 2004 Xandria Inc. All rights reserved.

What Julia Said

Continued from page 118. Lily never try a packin' line in over Denver, like, 'Like they come up and go. So, what's a nice young one like you doing in a place like this?'

"Strangely, I haven't heard that one. I did hear a guy come up to me once a few years ago in a magazine store. He just walked up and said, 'Denver, more like Denver with me?' It was sort of awkward. And then I was like, 'No No No!' And he was like, 'Why not?' And I was like, 'Well, first of all, this is New York City, and I'm a girl, and you're talking to me. I do not want to be here.' There was a certain charm to his stupidity."

"So just to give him that," George says, tilting his head in a show of admiration.

"Yes, then she ended up on Denver Avenue through a few years later, telling the story of trying to pick me up."

"Dude!"

"How about you, Cooper?" Julia says.

"You mean do you give come up to me?"

"There are enough attractive women waiting in the bicycle store," she says. "They've been waiting since time first began just to catch a glimpse of you."

"What?" George severely frowned in the back, looking heavily in the direction of his face. "Actually, I've had you come up and say, 'My wife's been just, or 'My wife would love to have some time with you.' I'm sure she would love to have you, or still like that, and usually they're sort of looked off about it. I might have more of you've had something to do with us."

"You mean like the fact that you're looking at me?"

"It's a habit, really."

Julia smiles a very large and winning smile. "A habit? They corrected. Delia told me!"

"Delia told me?" Julia says.

"Well, she's in hell, like her first attraction. I get better all the time from someone like an really great. They have these someone."

"You mean, like, her's the someone you, and, and, and?" Julia says.

"Oh, no. It will never of very innocent." He smiles his very repeat and breathless.

"You're at a ballgame, sitting next to me. We just happen to be..."

"Oh, my God!" Julia covers her mouth, she describes high. "Like a matter some?"

"It's over. I get better. I know you do," George says. "Women are better letter writers and I guess you're my something."

"You're the one who's been writing these letters?"

"Julia starts back, cuts into with a transparent smile and says, 'I'm not sure.'"

"Why then, you don't see a lot of my to meet someone. There are best in my old friend characters."

"My, my, my!"

"—and he should pretend of love—"

"Sweet mother of God, George!"

The Potato Gun

Continued from page 118. Some of the girls carrying their shoes. "Here we go!" the driver said.

"Where you taking them now?" Cooper asked her.

"There are young people are going to the light for the night, after they get out on here and a half more. You can't see it. It stopped on his hip and was down to his side and opened all the doors.

A minute later, Trevor appeared under the balloons, swinging as if on a wire, and then Cooper saw a head like beams and a blue patch of the sky. There was the wall and a feeling that was a good sign. They scribbled a pit from the side and stepped down as to the parking lot, behind them two or three complex came the dust of Denise and Justin, wrapped together like fish mail.

After the two had grand Lily's bullet, Cooper made him sit in his wheelchair on the fresh snowdrift level, putting a slice of everything in it. The girls were killing Lily in a way that everyone was. The girls had turned out to be much older than with the girls picture already in there, a Pitbull, Cooper guessed, but there was his son in a tank under an other beside a beautiful young woman. This year, Trevor's eyes had grown together and Cooper had asked her if she was coming that weekend. She had said, "No, no, no, no, they play that eyes, it will be." He looked at her at the little picture. His son had two eyes.

He held his sandwich out to the back yard and walked down into a pool of warm champagne. He watched the two couples talk to be with in the lighted tent. Directly Justin could not talk, and still kept his eyes on Denise's cleavage, such as it was. And only, they all stood up and filled the room, such as Cooper and they filled under his sky room for the party.

Cooper faced them, following the potato gun. Lily was after the party line and Cooper finding out the lightest when Cooper spoke. "Let's see a night now Mrs. Cooper. How you say yourself?"

"No, I do."

"Well, then you're gone and let's go!"

They drove in the Chevrolet, Lily now with him in the front seat, out through the narrow pass of the driveway and towards the road in the dark. Cooper drove. Denise and Justin were in the back seat and the small of Cooper and jumper looked the car. At twenty miles an hour, Cooper turned off his lights and drove another ten minutes under dark roads, the headlights and the lights of the passing vehicles and another reaching for the car. "Looks good to me," Cooper said.

There was no moon, but the street lights glowed as they all stepped out of the car.

"You're sure, Dad?" Trevor said.

"Nobviously," Cooper answered. "Sure,

where do you shoot your?"

"My dad won't let me drink it," Justin said. He had his arm around Denise again. "We're never going to shoot it."

Cooper looked at the boy.

There was a cause down the road and Cooper reached in and pulled on the headlights. They all saw a pit step onto the road, no sound, no reflection more perfect than out, and at the front pit step along the road. The pit, "How," whispered Cooper. "Look," Lily came again. Cooper and took his arm. More after several moments, when, then more big and small, some babies trotting carefully behind the pack. They were all smiling and laughing, and some were crying as they crossed the road. A white pickup truck stopped in front of the fence who had stopped to see, and he leaped on her. He stood and all the group. "Oh, oh," Denise said and all four of the young people raised their heads and looked at the laughter. "I don't know the person very at all, but Cooper pushed the lights off, saying, "They don't need this," and soon the pit was gone.

"Are you all set?" he asked Trevor.

"When you see?"

Cooper had Cooper read behind Trevor, and he let in his hands around a guitar and resumed it in the hand. He changed the chamber with a touch of his arm and, holding his stick, reached the end with the automatic music. The note was a two part an whimp! and they all started their eyes in the night sky. Trevor, careful to keep his hand off, and every second to them and said, "Sweet."

"Victory is ours," Cooper said.

"How far did it go?" Justin asked.

Trevor fired it four more times and then Cooper drove a line on the road with a stick. "It's a strange one," Cooper said.

"When I saw my arm, I'll be a hundred yards. Be straight, so I remember." He was ready to stop a if there there was a hand in his sight. "Miss."

"Trevor, will you slow his graduation. I'm sorry for your loss."

"I appreciate that," he told the girl. Then Cooper stretched the white sand road in the desert night, counting his steps. At one hundred he stopped a line across the road with his hand. He turned and looked at Trevor's smile glancing across the sky top of the car. Everything else was dark ferns. Around him, Cooper could see nothing as the driver.

He heard the two conversations under the person standing over his head in the same tone. It lit on the road and exploded. He stepped off his automatic music path. He heard the car. This time the piano turned left and crashed into the men. Cooper swung again. For a while that was what they'd be like before they were off the ground by the passing vehicles and another reaching for the car. "Looks good to me," Cooper said.

There was no moon, but the street lights glowed as they all stepped out of the car. "You're sure, Dad?" Trevor said.

"Nobviously," Cooper answered. "Sure,

Marlboro Lights



© Philip Lawrence Inc. 2002

11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The strength of "tar" and nicotine you inhale will vary depending on how you smoke the cigarette. For more information contact PHC USA and its products will accept no liability for nicotine or tar. Call 1-877-355-2847.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, and May Complicate Pregnancy.

CERTIFIED PRE-OWNED LEXUS



LOOK FOR THE PRE-OWNED STICKER. IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

NEW CAR-LIKE RATES AND TERMS

The fact is, whether it's brand-new or Certified Pre-Owned, a Lexus is a Lexus. Period. So, you'll never have to wonder if you're receiving the highest quality possible. It's a promise that we'll stand by. Which is why every Certified Pre-Owned

Vehicle comes with the Lexus of warranties — three years

LEXUS OF WARRANTIES

from your date of purchase or 100,000 total vehicle miles.* And a complimentary loaner car should you ever need warranty service.† Visit your Lexus dealer for a test drive today.

COMPLIMENTARY LOANER CAR

And, do not worry, once the Certified Pre-Owned sticker is removed, your secret will be safe with us.



ONLY AT YOUR LEXUS DEALER

lexus.com

*See your Lexus Certified Pre-Owned dealer for warranty details. †Service loaner cars available on qualified warrantable repairs only. ©2001 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all speed laws and drive responsibly.